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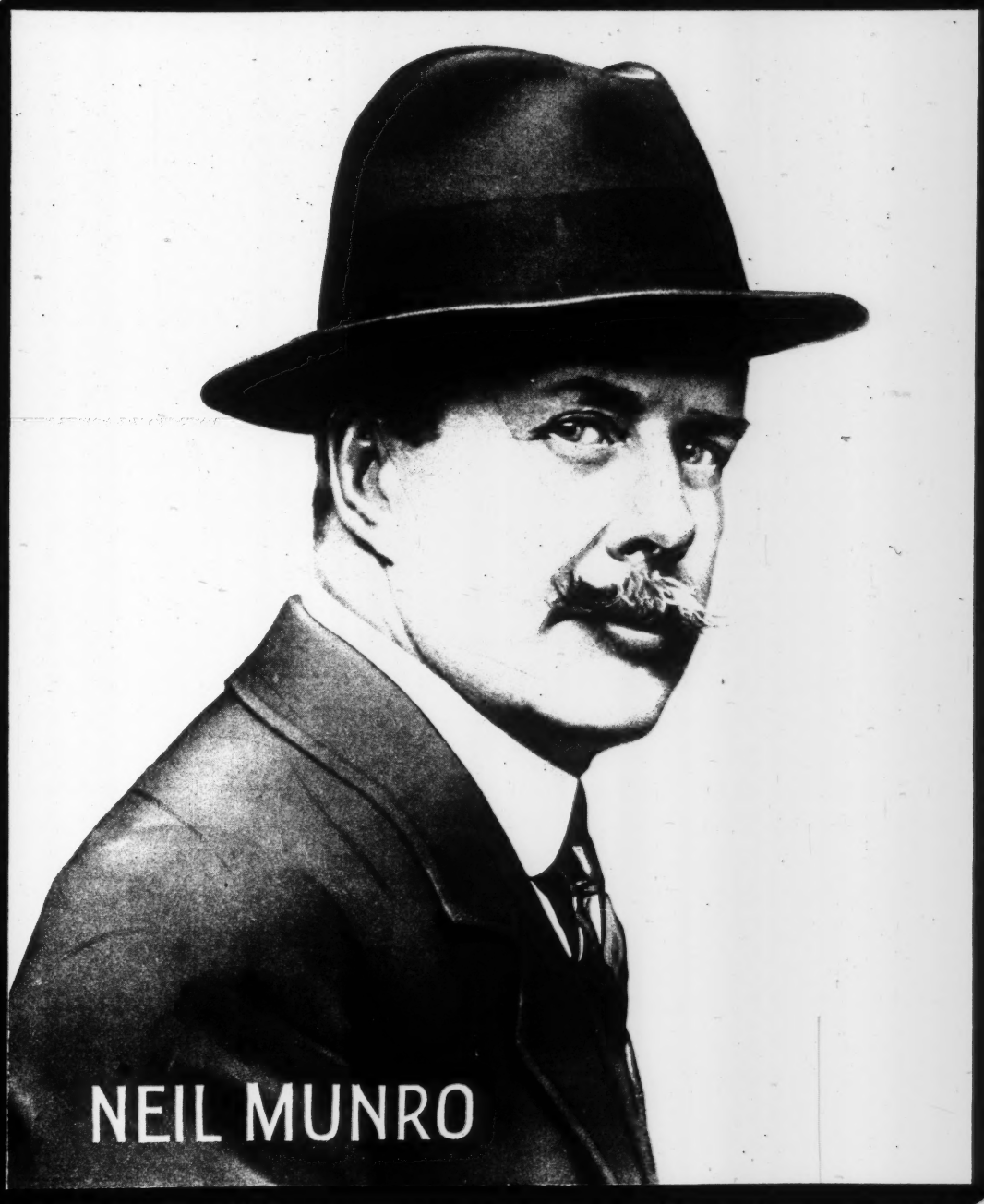

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NOTICES.

All communications intended for the Editor must be addressed to the Editor of The Bookman, St. Paul's House, Warwick Square, London, E.C.

A preliminary letter of inquiry should be sent to the Editor before any manuscript is submitted for his consideration.

News Notes.

Messrs. Chapman & Hall are publishing early in the autumn "The Coming of the Great War," by J. L. Garvin. This book is founded on articles shrewdly foretelling the present war and contributed by Mr. Garvin to the *Fortnightly* during the last ten years. The same firm has almost ready for publication "The Literary Man's New Testament," by W. L. Courtney, a companion work to his admirable "Literary Man's Bible."

"Some Elderly People and Their Friends," a new book by Miss S. Macnaughten, will be published next month by Messrs. Smith, Elder.

The first volume of Treitschke's "History of Germany in the Nineteenth Century" will be issued shortly by Messrs. Jarrold in conjunction with Messrs. Allen & Unwin. Messrs. Eden and Cedar Paul have done the translation. The work will be completed in six volumes, the remaining five being issued at intervals of three months. Each volume will contain an introduction by William Harbutt Dawson.

A sensational story of adventure, "Three Gentlemen from New Caledonia," which won a £300 first novel prize, will be published shortly by Messrs. Stanley Paul & Co.

The third volume of Mrs. Clare Jerrold's unconventional biography of the late Queen will be published in the autumn by Mr. Eveleigh Nash, under the title of "The Widowhood of Queen Victoria."

Mr. John H. Ingram has written a volume on "Chatterton and His Poetry" for Messrs. Harrap's successful "Poetry and Life" series, to which he has already contributed a study of "Christopher Marlowe."

Messrs. Dent are publishing immediately "The Political Economy of War," by F. W. Hirst, the well-known editor of *The Economist*. The same firm announce "An Introduction to the Study of African Languages," by Professor Meinhof, translated into English by Miss A. Werner, Lecturer in Swahili at King's College, London.

A new novel by Mrs. Maud Churton Braby, "The Honey of Romance," will be published early in the autumn by Mr. Werner Laurie.

"In Mr. Knox's Country," a new humorous volume by E. Œ. Somerville and Martin Ross will be published this month by Messrs. Longman.

Photo by John Trevor. **Mr. John Masefield,**
whose new tragedy, "The Faithful," Mr. Heinemann is publishing.

"The Fortunes of Virginia Bright," a new novel by Mr. Albert Kinross, is to be published early in the autumn by Messrs. Hodder & Stoughton. The same firm have in hand a new and exciting novel by Mr. William Le Queux called "The Green Ray." It tells of the discovery of a marvellous new light hitherto unknown to science, and the odd thing is that no sooner had the author finished his novel than the papers announced that Mr. Marconi had actually discovered a ray, such as he had imagined, by means of which one may see through a brick wall.

We hear with regret of the death, at the age of seventy, of Mr. H. L. Braeksted, Norwegian Vice-Consul in the City of London. In years gone by Mr. Braeksted was a familiar figure in the publishing profession, and his keen literary judgment led to the introduction to English readers of several Norwegian authors, notably of P. Chr. Asbjornsen, whose "Norwegian Folk and Fairy Tales," he translated. Mr. Edmund Gosse wrote an introduction to the book. Mr. Braeksted was connected with *Black and White*, when it first made its appearance in Fleet Street, and was a well-known contributor to many other journals.

Messrs. Methuen have issued in a limited edition Mr. Herbert Trench's "Ode from Italy in Time of War: Night on Mottarone." It was written in April last, and foretold the entry of Italy into the European War.

Mr. J. E. Patterson, whose story, "His Father's Wife," has just been published by Messrs. Allen & Unwin, has completed a new novel, "Hillary Marrtyn," which Messrs. Jarrold will issue at the end of September.

"Mary's Meadow Papers," by Mrs. Armel O'Connor (Violet Bullock-Webster), author of that delightfully intimate book "The Idea of Mary's Meadow," will be published in August by Messrs. Alston Rivers.

"Beltane the Smith" is the characteristic title Mr. Jeffrey Farnol has given to a new romance which Messrs. Sampson Low & Co., have in hand for the autumn.

"Dreams," a collection of short stories by George A. B. Dewar, is announced for early publication by Mr. Elkin Mathews.

"Vanishing Roads and Other Essays" is a new volume by Mr. Richard Le Gallienne, which Messrs. Putnam are publishing shortly.

Miss Winifred Holt, whose biography of Henry Fawcett, "A Beacon for the Blind" (Constable), we review on another page, is the daughter of the distinguished New York publisher, Mr. Henry Holt. She abandoned a promising career as a sculptor to

Mrs. D. Amawry Talbot,
whose new book, "Woman's Mysteries of a Primitive People," is published by Messrs. Cassell.

devote herself to the cause of the blind. Her pamphlet on Fawcett, written for children, has gone through several editions, and from this she was drawn to study his life in the places where he had lived, and in conversations with many who had known him, and so came, at length, to write the full record of his wonderful and heroic career. Seven years ago Miss Holt started, in conjunction with her sister, and in their own home, "The New York Association for the Blind." She started it with a borrowed capital of four hundred dollars, and when she came to England last June, as the American representative at the International Conference of Workers for the Blind, her Institution possessed, free from debt, a model "Lighthouse," or headquarters, a model workshop, a vacation home, and had almost completed the establishment of an endowment fund of three hundred thousand dollars.

Miss Winifred Holt,

whose story of the life of Henry Fawcett, "A Beacon for the Blind" (Constable), is reviewed in this Number.

Mr. Arthur H. Adams, the Australian novelist and poet, whose delightfully fantastic story, "Grocer Greatheart" (Lane) was recently reviewed in THE BOOKMAN, has written a comedy of Australian life: "Mrs. Pretty and the Premier," which Mr. Arthur Bourchier has accepted for production in London. The play was successfully produced by the Melbourne Repertory Theatre, and the Sydney Repertory Theatre, and to get over the difficulty of coming in touch with London managers, Mr. Adams included it in a book of "Three Plays for the Australian Stage," and this, he says, was brought to Mr. Bourchier's notice over here by his agents, Messrs. Curtis Brown, with very satisfactory results.

Photo by May Moore, Sydney. **Mr. Arthur H. Adams.**

Novelists of the new era.

Mr. W. L. George, Mr. Ivor Brown,
Miss Ivy Low, Miss Viola Meynell.

Specially taken for THE BOOKMAN.

Miss Netta Syrett has written a new novel that Mr. Fisher Unwin is to publish. At present it is called "The Making of a Modern Woman," but Miss Syrett is not satisfied with the title, and thinks of re-christening it.

Mr. W. J. Williams, who has been for twenty-seven years associated with Messrs. Smith, Elder, latterly as Manager of their Publicity Department, has been appointed Manager to Messrs. Williams & Norgate, in succession to Mr. W. Stanley Murrell, who has resigned in order to take up an appointment as Manager and Secretary of the University of London Press.

Mr. W. Horace Rose, whose "Golden Glory" won the prize in the South African section of Messrs. Hodder & Stoughton's Thousand Pound Prize Novel Competition, sends a most interesting note on the way in which his story was written. As editor of the *Natal Witness*, and a busy journalist, Mr. Rose had little leisure to devote to the writing of fiction, even with a tempting prize to spur him to unusual effort. The plot came to him easily enough, but he was hard put to it for a title, and when he had written the first two chapters in three hours, this difficulty stood like a lion in his path and he found it impossible to make further progress till it was removed. He spent a day in desperate wanderings and thinkings, and an evening at a vaudeville performance in which he could take no interest, then, in the middle of a gramophone turn, the title suddenly occurred to him, and his difficulties melted away. Thereafter, with intervals when inspiration deserted him and he felt that the tale would never be done, working at it mainly between 9 p.m. and 5 the next morning, he wrote the whole story of a hundred and twenty thousand words inside six weeks, and considers that his success rewarded him handsomely for his labours.

Mrs. Mary Roberts Rineheart,
whose charming novel, "The Street of Seven Stars" (Cassell) is now in its second edition.

The Hon. Cyril Russell,
whose successful novel, "Stilts," written under the pen-name of Adam Squire, is published by Messrs. Duckworth. He is the son of the late Lord Russell of Killowen.

The new War books published during last month, and not referred to elsewhere in this Number, include:

"Armageddon." A Modern Epic Drama. By Stephen Phillips. 2s. 6d. net. (John Lane.)

"Books on the Great War," an annotated bibliography. By F. W. T. Lange and W. T. Berry. 2s. 6d. net. (Grafton & Co.)

"Roumania and the Great War." By R. W. Seton-Watson. 2s. net. (Constable.)

"Flower of Youth: Poems in War Time." By Katharine Tynan. 3s. 6d. net. (Sidgwick & Jackson.)

"The Dardanelles." By the author of "The Real Kaiser." 2s. net. (Melrose.)

"Sonnets of the Empire." By Archibald T. Strong. 3s. net. (Macmillan.)

"Scotland for Ever!" Stories of the Scottish Regiments. With an introduction by the Earl of Rosebery. 3s. net. (Hodder & Stoughton.)

"The Story of Alsace-Lorraine." By Leslie F. Church. 1s. net. (Kelly.)

"Comrades in Arms." By Mrs. F. S. Boas. 6d. net. (Wells, Gardner.)

"Secrets of the German War Office." By Dr. A. K. Graves. 1s. net. (Werner Laurie.)

"Sergeant Michael Cassidy, R.E." By "Sapper." 1s. net. (Hodder & Stoughton.)

THE BOOKMAN GALLERY.

SIR JAMES H. YOXALL, M.P.

"BEHOLD! my heart dances in the delight of a hundred arts." The words of Kabir, the weaver-poet of Benares in the fifteenth century, seem to be echoed as it were in the life of the man who is essayist, novelist, journalist, Member of Parliament, and an authority on the gentle art of collecting—who is, indeed, master of many arts and living refutal of the stupid fallacy of the one-idea'd who find comfort for the narrowness of their own range in the aiming of proverbs at the more versatile. Sir James Yoxall does so many things well that he would be a difficult man to classify; no jack of all trades and master of none, he. Rather may he be regarded as a Crichton among the many. In his novels he is seen to be a master of the delightful art of romance, and there is pleasure in knowing that so many readers are of this opinion that some of his stories have "gone into" their thousands reckoned in tens; read his books on collecting, and you feel that for your soul's sake and your body's satisfaction—even to your purse's undoing—you must start collecting something; read his gossiping essays, his discursive wander-talk, and you feel something of the joy that comes on first looking into the "Round-about Papers" of Thackeray, "the good and gentle."

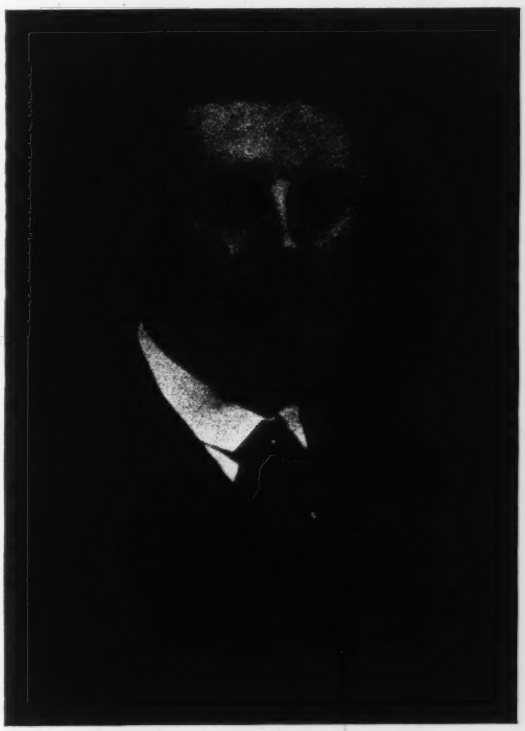


Photo by E. O. Hoppé. **Sir James Yoxall, M.P.**

The preparation of school-books and the writing of boys' stories might not seem the most promising commencement to a literary career that was to put forth the sunny wisdom of the "Wander Years" and "The Villa for Coelebs," yet in such are to be found Sir James Yoxall's beginnings as a bookman. That the production of biblia-a-biblia does not necessarily atrophy the capacity for bringing forth literature is in his case made plain. By the way, a story is told of the author's son having read "Nut-Brown Roger and I" seventeen times! which shows that the prophet may be not without honour *even* in his own family, and further suggests that it is not altogether just to classify boys' stories with Lamb's books that are no books; Elia's catholicity, it may be believed, would not have placed them thus among the unreadables that masquerade in the form of books. "Nut-Brown Roger and I" was published in 1891, but it was not until eleven years later that the author of that tale put forth his first novel, though in the baker's dozen of years since he has published five further novels besides his essay volumes and the books dealing with his amiable hobby of collecting. Despite his continuous work as journalist and educationist and his "Parliamentary labours" he has averaged a fresh book for each fresh year—and books it must be noted that are unmarked by any of the stigmata of haste or over-production.

The first of the novels was an engagingly fresh and interesting tale of the Derbyshire moors, "The Rommany Stone," in which the author showed himself one who had come under the queer spell of the gipsy that has put its comether over several of our men of letters. Some of us find far more fascination in the gipsy as reflected in the pages of Borrow, Watts-Dunton or Sir James Yoxall than in the people themselves; the glamour of the Romany is largely a literary glamour, and in the first of his novels, and an early successor to it, Sir James Yoxall has proved himself finely capable of imparting it. But before the glamour of "The Rommany Stone" had been recognised, one lover of old books on taking the new volume in hand was struck by the lavish way in which the author had prefaced his short chapters with texts or mottoes. No single scrap from an "Old Play" in the manner of Scott satisfied him. Not a chapter with fewer than six allusive quotations to introduce it, and some with half as many again! (It would, by the way, be a nice test of a reader's knowledge of literature to ask him to affix the authors' names to all these scraps and that though the titles of the works cited are given. Sir James is as quoteful as was old Burton.) Short as are the chapters of this story, of the many texts pertaining to them it can be said that each has its pertinence. This might seem a mere literary trick, but fortunately it was employed in connection with a capital story, rich in character, colour and incident, and presented in a refreshingly individual and engaging style. In his next story the author took a romantic theme, one lending itself to such varied action and such striking episodes as might easily have slipped into the unconvincingness of melodrama. That result, however, was skilfully avoided, though there is a mystery of family origin, a mystery of a woman who seeking a man of her kin marries him out of hand, and leaves him forthwith only to reappear to his astonished gaze as singer in a French cabaret. Easily might such a story have passed into the unreality of

sensationalism but, instead, in "Alain Tanger's Wife" is to be found the lasting reality of romance, the romance that not only compels the curiosity to wonder over the why and to seek eagerly the how, but also charms during every stage of the progress from the indication of the mystery to its fittingly romantic elucidation.

With his next book the novelist returned to the Romany and built a sweet but sad romance around a snatch of gipsy song that had re-echoed through "The Rommany Stone." In a sense the earlier story may be regarded paradoxically as the sequel of the one that followed two or three years later. In "Smalilou" is told the story of a child who had been stolen by gipsies, and it is told in a new and unconventional way and with an abundance of humour as well as of that tenderness proper to the theme of an unfulfilled romance—for in this story with its tragic, shadowed close, the reader is led up to no accustomed "happy ending." There is something of a haunting quality about the whole presentation of the tragic "Smalilou," taken from the hands of her abductors to pass a few years of happy childhood, only to be tricked again into the life from which she had been rescued. The befrienders of the child, the simple clergyman and his neighbour, the personification of kindly irascibility, Captain Qualm, are so well drawn, so cleverly presented, that they might have been delineated by some novelist of their own period, some sentimental Smollet. The author seems to have made himself for the time being belong to the period with which he was dealing, to have imagined himself into the very embodiment of the Worcestershire squire who is made to tell the story for the benefit of his heir. And herein is to be found no small part of the secret of Sir James Yoxall's success as novelist, for in several of his stories he has made one of his characters the narrator, and in each case has done so with that most convincing artistry of the story-teller which makes the reader forget the author for a reading-while and accept the imagined narrator as the actual one.

After telling the pathetic story of Smalilou the author turned again from his gipsy-interest to the writing of another novel set among such Continental scenes as have been his unfailing attractions in holiday times, and in "Beyond the Wall" rendered a romance full of such incident as should satisfy the most avid for exciting action. And again the incidents are presented with such an easy mastery of a rich literary style that the lover of form is no less delighted than the lover of action. The same may be said again of this book's successor, "Chateau Royal," in which a modern romance in a French setting is delightfully rendered. It is, indeed, in his dual capacity as deviser of a good story and as possessor of an individual literary style that Sir James Yoxall has won the suffrages of those who enjoy a story for the story's sake, and those to whom the form alone is eloquent; in his work style and matter are happily combined. It is a style at once vigorous and nervous, lightly allusive, the product of a rare command of vocabulary, yet never stiffening into the moulds of those who place preciosity before all things. This style is, perhaps, most fully, because most personally (for the style is the man) revealed in the essay books, in the discursions of "The Wander Years" and the philosophisings of "The Villa for Coelebs," wherein the author shows himself a fascinating *causeur*, one whose wide knowledge and ready wit enable him to treat of any theme in a way that shall both interest and entertain. There is in his work a lightness of touch that marks him as belonging to the race of friendly bookmen whom our fathers knew as familiar essayists, those who by the literary presentation of their essential selves can charm us by the grace of their style and entertain—in the highest sense of a sometimes abused word—by the humour with which they are able to inform their speculations. After reading the two books named we may feel inclined to regard their author as primarily a rambling essayist, but when we recall the grip of his romances, whether of gipsydom at home or of glamorous places abroad, we have to realise that he is no less successful as a novelist. The fact is that he is a man with a zest for life which he is able to impart to his work. There is a mellow wisdom in the treatment of many of the speculations touched upon with seeming lightness, but frequently most searchingly in the later of these two books, which cannot fail to impress even those who may not always be in sympathy with the point of view of the "elderly bookman." Never surely has agnosticism been more urbanely put than in some of the passages in which the bookman deals with the high matters that may be raised even by a consideration of the Pecksniffian villa that has "emanated" as a home to which Coelebs may bring his Marian. Coelebs, Marian, the Assistant Curate, Lanyon, the Vicar,—all these people and others are but type figures, as though the author had found it easier to deal with the general by giving it the familiarity of the particular.

Not since the author of "Vanity Fair" was finding but an uneasy kind of an ease in the editorial chair of the *Cornhill Magazine*, and writing those "Roundabout Papers" in which some of us find the essential Thackeray, has there been so companionable a work of a similar kind as "The Wander Years," has there been quite the same plenitude of whimsical wisdom within the compass of a single book as is to be found in "The Villa for Coelebs."

WALTER JERROLD.

THE READER.

NEIL MUNRO.

By D. S. Meldrum.

I WISH to say at once, not to draw vain distinctions, but by way of a sub-title to this article, that it is as much about a journalist as about a novelist. There are expert hands in the present generation of Greater Fleet Street who declare that Mr. Neil Munro is the cleverest journalist they have known in the flesh. Some of them exalt his journalism high above his fiction, but they are those who have not read the novels. I am sure that they are quite wrong, but then I cannot conveniently take in the *Glasgow Evening News*. It may be conceded that Mr. Munro is a distinguished practitioner in both arts, but the farther intention of this paper is to observe how his practice in each is complementary to his reputation and influence as a man of letters. In the novels the supple hand of the journalist can be detected intervening often with advantage; and many of us preserve in our cuttings-books fine literature from what ought to be his ephemeral columns. So much may be said of other writers besides Mr. Munro. But it is in quite a special sense true of him, regarded as the leading representative of letters in Scotland—and that also is in the present bill—that you cannot tell where author and where journalist (stupid but understood distinction) begins and ends.

It is as difficult to say where each begins and ends in the circumstances of his career. His memoirs, which I trust are as yet far off being indited, will have down to this present date only happy events to record. (Having said which, I touch wood, on Mr. Munro's behalf.) For the present purpose only a few biographical facts need be recalled. Of the utmost significance is his having been born and brought up in his own Inneraora. Without knowing Inveraray outside of the novels, one can be certain that, when he was a boy ranging its closes and quay in the 'Seventies, its weavers and mechanics, "people of mere useful purpose," asserted themselves even more than in Gilian's day against the hinterland of high and numerous hills which he, like Gilian, inhabited with folk "of a more manly interest." Highland and Lowland merge in Inneraora, and they merge, with some jabble of meeting streams, in Mr. Munro.

Gilian, the typical Gael, has been mentioned, and it is in the story of which he is the hero that the reader must seek the early springs whence the novelist drew his inspiration. Mr. Munro had ancestors of the Clan Artair, I am told, who lived in Ladyfield. He read voraciously, one is sure, from Miss Maclean's, though whether in 1875 as in 1825 (Gilian's date) she was still one of three undistinguishable sisters I have my doubts, knowing Mr. Munro's blithe invention. There was a Maam House, as it happens, though if there had not been Mr. Munro would still have introduced it for the pleasure of its sound. Those who are acquainted with Inneraora, as I am not, and the Aora, "the splendid river," and the glen behind it, can tell whether only because of that sense for the colour of words, or because they are indeed there in fact, we read of Baracaldine and the bushes of Tom-an-Dearc; and the long, broad levels of Kincreggan. Only the other day a show of water-colours at a Bond Street dealer's displayed for me the flowers in the Duke's garden, the spaces of which, for Mr. Munro, however, are filled with the blooms of sentiment that enriched Gilian's emotional adventures. The novelist, like Mr. Spencer, shares them with us, his customers, "for the sake of bygone dusks." He remits himself, like the General, to the days before his teens, to recall not merely their material associations, but also the finer vibrations of the spirit struck in them. Some he probably owes to a Mr. Brooks, for well into his day, one knows, there lingered in Scotland kindly aspiring schoolmasters who modelled their conversation on Dr. Johnson's. The Paymaster, and General Dugald, and their brother, Colin, who led the Royal Scots at Salamanca and Waterloo, are perhaps skilful compounds of tradition, *revenants* called up from Inneraora Churchyard, but Miss Mary, one could swear, is of more intimate if yet vaguer origin. "That dear, fond heart, a daily hypocrite, a foolish bounteous mother-soul, without chick or child of her own," the rarest of Mr. Munro's women, to whom Nan Turner and even her sweeter sister heroines must "boo," was surely drawn from one individual model, whatever her clan and designation, unnamable almost by her portraitist, and however wrapped about with his maturer sympathy.

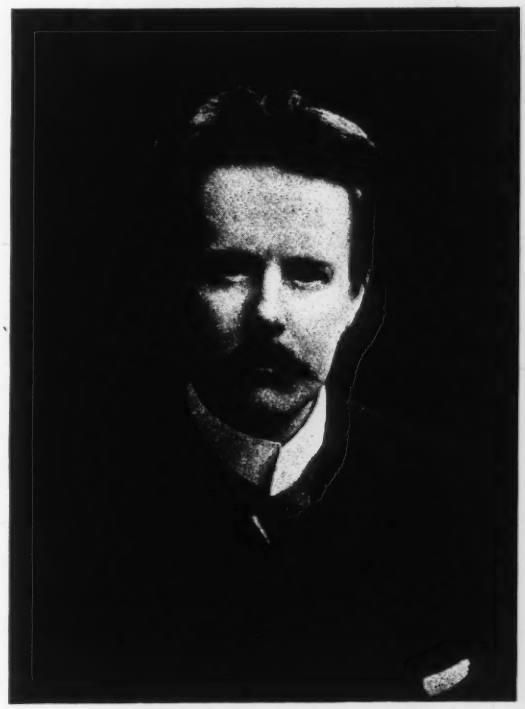


Photo by Annan & Sons, Glasgow. **Neil Munro.**
An early portrait.

It would be pleasant to remain in Inneraora, but

Mr. Munro did not do so, though he is constantly returning to it, and in his absences resides in the memory of Carnus. There was a brief period, after Mr. Brooks', in a lawyer's office in the burgh town, and then its supreme journalist was launched on the West of Scotland. Following some months', or perhaps only weeks' engagement at Greenock, which came to an end with the sheet he wrote for, he made his real start with the *Scottish News* (the daily, then edited by Mr. "Freddy" Wicks); and a year in Falkirk later has been, I believe, the only break since then in his association with that paper, in its morning or evening issues. In the early 'Nineties, meantime, he began contributing to the magazines (*The Speaker*, *The National Observer*, and *Blackwood's*) the short stories which were afterwards published in the volume "The Lost Pibroch" (1896). It was followed by "John Splended" (1898), "Gilian the Dreamer" (1899), and the other novels.* Ostensibly after the publication of "The Lost Pibroch" Mr. Munro ceased journalist and began author. The only change, in fact, was that the tie to office work was loosened, and his "stuff," instead of appearing in the paper anywhere was directed regularly into special columns. Frequently it overflowed them. During all the years he has been engaged on fiction, his hand has been copious, ubiquitous, and easily distinguishable in the *Glasgow Evening News*; and what more natural than that just now, which is no time for mere novelles, he is at work waist-deep in the conduct of that newspaper?

In normal times the best-known of these columns referred to are the Thursday's "Views and Reviews" about books, and Monday's "Looker-On," which is about anything and everything except them. The first is familiar to all aspiring authors and advertising publishers, which proves its practical efficiency. It supplies its readers from week to week with less interested prattle and a more consistent criticism and evaluation of current literature according to a personal standard of artistry than any of the other current causeries on Paternoster Row wares and affairs. The scope of the "Looker-On" is at once wider and more local; it is largely a vehicle for comment and *blague* about every interest and mood and diversion of that "thrang," complicated, self-conscious entity, the West of Scotland. It was under this rubric, (signing them, however, "Hugh Foulis"), that Mr. Munro brought the adventures of the humble Glaswegians, Mr. MacPherson, Para Handy, and more lately Jamie Swan, some of them published in "Erchie" and "The Vital Spark." These diverting brochures, which must be taken with the reservation imposed by the author's adoption of a *nom-de-plume*, belong to that class of journalistic literature the world over of which "Mr. Dooley" and "Wee Macgreegor" are other recent examples. They require for their origin and acceptance only a fluid and enterprising Society. Glasgow has long furnished such, and the first to exploit it, at any rate successfully, in that line (in line, literally), was Mr. A. S. Boyd, whose Twym drawings in *Quiz* anticipated (how many years ago?) the vogue since enjoyed by Hugh Foulis and Mr. J. J. Bell. The "Erchie" series have to be noted as proofs of their author's versatility, and his love of fun and a frolic: he flings himself with gusto into the presentation of what may be called Broomielaw humours, and their witty expression in equivalent suburban dialect.

But the popular Hugh Foulis series—and one may add, the play "MacPherson"—are significant of the broad basis of Mr. Munro's influence; and this brings us to a matter even more salient than his choice of Inneraora for a birthplace, his selection of Glasgow for his workshop. To revive in this brief space the rivalry between the capital cities of the East and West of Scotland would merely be to be provocative and run away. Yet since Stevenson amusingly published its existence abroad in his "Edinburgh" there have been developments that must be touched on. In that quarter of a century Glasgow has increasingly absorbed and reflected the energies of Scotland. Its enormous material resources and the national problems involved in them have been glimpsed in the present crisis. The Clyde is more than ever an Imperial river. And in the same period the great city on it has developed all the problems in self-government of a dense industrial community, and offered solutions of them, or at any rate some of them, for the inspection of the whole world. Other evidences of Glasgow's activities are indicated by recalling that the one vital (though brief) art movement in these years is known by its name. It is quite to the point in respect of art and letters, to remind the reader that it produced Mr. Muirhead Bone and Mr. G. D. Brown. One can easily make the picture so grandiose that Glasgow would not recognise itself. Equally with its more imposing, it is necessary for my present purpose to stress its still homely and local and often vulgar characteristics, for by the contrast and contest of the two become possible the humorous conditions with which Mr. Munro makes such admirable play. The West of Scotland, which is the country surrounding and including Glasgow, is the desk on which as a journalist Mr. Munro has been writing for over five-and-twenty years, and of course it has greatly helped his hand to have had his "copy" absorbed before it was dry by a newspaper that so competently reflects these vast and varied interests. It fortunately did not demand his entrance within the soul- and judgment-destroying zone of party-politics. In serving it he was given an opportunity of acquiring a knowledge of all the vital conditions of the community, industrial, social, religious, artistic, its conditions of all sorts, all of which he can display when required, and if he desired with such minutiæ of observation as are revealed in the portraits of Erchie and other diverts. His hand, I have said, has been easily distinguishable. It could not be hid. Recognition of it, I am told, dates back among the craft so far as vivid character sketches in reporting the trial of Monson. No doubt by this time its identity with Mr. Munro would have been general in any case among the whole community on which it works. But it is characteristic of Glasgow and of Scotland that this recognition of the journalist came earlier and with greater weight and zest because of his also having made his mark as a novelist of distinction,* whose books rank with the best that his day has produced.

* "Doom Castle" (1901); "Shoes of Fortune" (1901); "Children of Tempest" (1903); "Fancy Farm" (1910); "The New Road" (1914). In 1907 appeared "Daft Days," a book of a separate and delightful *genre*: and Mr. Munro has also published volumes on "The Clyde" and of "Ayrshire Idylls."

* In 1908 the University of Glasgow conferred on him the degree, *Honoris Causa*, of LL.D.

As a novelist Mr. Munro began with "The Lost Pibroch: A Series of Celtic Tales and Sketches," and this was followed by "John Splendid: A Highland Romance," and "Gilian the Dreamer: A Novel." The sub-titles of these first three books indicate the scope of all their author's fiction. When analysed its elements are discovered to be the legends of Celtic life, the social conditions of the historical Highlands, and the normal material of the novel in illumination of Gælic character. In "The Lost Pibroch," in an original manner—in the manner of genius—but yet the most natural and common-sensical (because without *parti pris* in favour of "the Celtic influence," and the like), his imagination ranged over Celtic tradition without ever escaping from the heather and the hill into the clouds. Its knowledge of the legendary Highlands, "copious, original, and at first-hand," as Mr. Lang said, was an acquisition of an imaginative childhood. In "John Splendid," again, he identified himself with the Gael in history, and cocked his beaver to the world with an assumption of the bravery with which the traditions of literature and history have decked him. On the broad ground of Montrose's wars, he embroidered a faction incident, intensely localising history and individualising the hero and his associates. There was the farther difference between him and Sir Walter, and a difference between him and Stevenson, that he looked at the drama through a Highland window, with a native eye for Highland character. For both these Lowland romancers "Gilian" was an impossible achievement. Circumstantially a story of the second quarter of last century, it was equally one of the 'Eighties of the same. It has been indicated already that its scenery is that of the author's boyhood, and no one can doubt that so is its sentiment. "Gilian" is autobiographic to that extent, and farther in being critical of traits that run in the blood of the author's own race. The historical romances (though the historical in them is disavowed) are picaresque. A certain weakness of construction in the best of them is in some others overimproved by slightly obtrusive mechanism. The story does not always absorb, its circumstance, and not the story itself, having the chief attraction for the author. Sometimes the heroine—possibly because less a "manly interest"—is not so individual as the hero. "Gilian" on the other hand is closer-knit and more consistent, and on that account seems freer and less mechanical, and the ornament, rich as in all the novels, is there chased with a particularly delicate hand. And further—reason for singling it out in so very general an estimate—it displays in largest measure the charming grace, partly traditional, partly personal, that distinguishes all Mr. Munro's books.

Neil Munro.

A recent portrait.

Graceful, gentle, modern "Gilian the Dreamer" researches the complementary, the feminine side of the brave and gallant vanity of "John Splendid." It is a version of the tragedy of "Hamlet." The Gaelic boy carries the stamp of one defect. That Gilian's "particular fault" was the Prince of Denmark's is farther indicated by the contrast with Young Islay, who is as resolute as Horatio. I regret having no space to mark with what ingenuity of illustration the extension of this tragic flaw in the hero's character is traced. But I am developing an argument from all the novels, in all of which one of the race is engaged on its subtle and intimate portrayal. There is no doubt about the novels: they are true heather-bred. Yet it has to be observed that they have not evolved along the line that the earliest of them seemed to prognosticate. Like Paruig Dall's lost pibroch, which gave it a title, Mr. Munro's first book "bound up all the tales of all the clans and made one tale of the Gael's past." One should not have wondered if in the romances that followed the background had retained the poetic depth and vagueness of that volume which so successfully added delicate exactitude to universal ideas. That particular note of "The Lost Pibroch" has, as a matter of fact, never been repeated, not even in "Children of Tempest" which in its atmosphere stands alone. The spacious air of that story belongs to the Hebrides. In all his novels Mr. Munro enlarges the horizons of the *locus in quo*: how cleverly he does so in "Gilian," where they are, perhaps, the narrowest of all! Partly this is accomplished by a hand working on the wide and full landscape of the Scottish Highlands, and singularly cunning in the detailed expression of their features. And partly it is due to the modern reflective element that is essential to Mr. Munro's elaborate style. Let me repeat, there is no doubt of the heather-bred origin of the stories and romances. Mr. Munro is *the* novelist of the Scottish Highlands. He is a Gael, and Sir Walter was not and Stevenson was not. But to be a Gaelic novelist—as it was open to him to be—he has not chosen. He leads no Gaelic movement, in affairs or in letters. The legends of the Gael, his sorrows and imaginings, the pathos of his migrations and emigrations, and home-sickness for the croft (touched on in some of the poems), he knows and feels, but except in particular instances of tyranny, of man or circumstance, they do not rouse him to passion. The Highlands with a grievance is not his inspiration. There is no room in his *œuvre* for a pamphlet. The

Highlands for him, as a separate part of Scotland, are past, and it is with a wistful sentiment for the past that he veils their bravery in the novels.

If it had been otherwise, if the novels had been more esoteric in quality, Mr. Munro's *prestige* as Scotland's representative in letters to-day would have suffered. They might conceivably have adorned with a strange device his authority as a journalist in a country that still reveres Literature. But we should have been conscious of an incongruity at least, if not even an antagonism between them and the turmoil of affairs into which their author also throws himself, such as we do not associate with the novels as they are. On the contrary, while they are all amusingly contemptuous of the "more useful purpose," it would be possible to find in each of them a confession of acquiescence in that as one of the conditions of Scotland's progress. From "John Splendid," where the two forces contend in the nature of Gillesbeg Grumach, to "The New Road," which is almost Galtian in its interest in material developments, one is aware that deliberately or subconsciously, the author is intrigued by the contest of race and reason, or of sentiment and reason, which justifies me in having said that in Mr. Munro Highland and Lowland merge with some jabble of meeting streams. They divide his affections. Like his "Widow of Glencoe," he is not grueing on the future, but he is minding on the past. And all the time, as I have perhaps unduly laboured to show, he is engrossed in the present. Though he preserves very jealously an estate of high romance in Lorn, there is an easy passage from it to the desk of actualities in Hope Street.

There is another question: whether only in Lorn, and not farther south—in the land of Burns itself—one can colleague with Romance. The discussion of that might be made to embrace the whole fortunes of the Scottish novel. But so far as it is the question whether, and in what manner there is to be a novel of present-day Glasgow, I hope it may be counted as only in abeyance, since happily Mr. Munro is still in the plenitude of his powers.

WHAT TO READ.

A LETTER FROM LONDON TO A COUNTRY COUSIN.

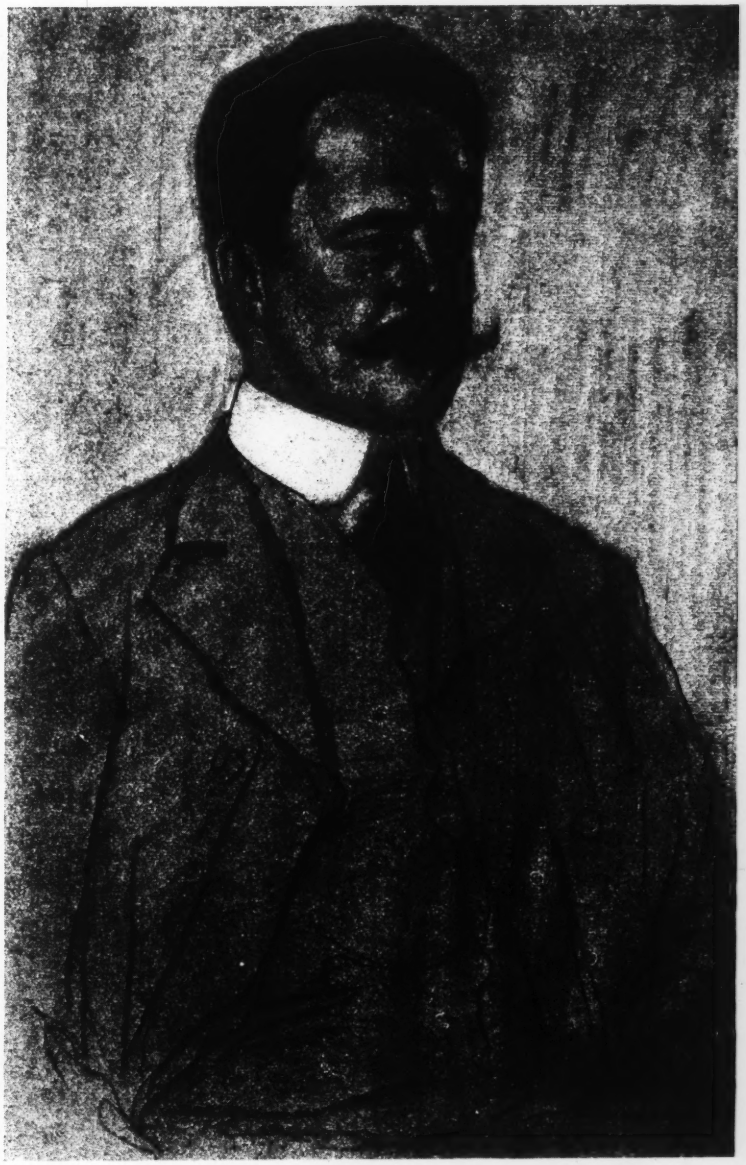
July, 1915.

. . . TASTES differ, thank goodness, otherwise there would be no sale at all except for the books that happened to please you and me. And I so strongly object to any sort of dictatorship, in this as in every other walk of life, that I do not even desire to be the dictator. Not that I am terribly difficult to please; I am not of that superior caste of readers who can enjoy nothing in literature below the highest. A contempt for Wilkie Collins is no proof of your capacity to appreciate Shakespeare. I am persuaded that I am not less susceptible to the finer culinary arts because I can thoroughly enjoy, on occasion, a meal of bread and cheese; and it is much with books as it is with food. Some men mistake a delicate appetite for a delicate palate; and imagine they must be persons of taste because, to them, so many things are tasteless.

My own taste just now is largely for books about the War, and I confess it without shame. After all, that is bound to be the one subject of supreme interest to all of us in these days, and, except in rebellious intervals, I find it difficult to give my thoughts to anything else. We have had considerably over a thousand War books published already. I believe I have read most of them, and none of them has impressed or interested me more than Mr. G. H. Perris's "Campaign of 1914 in France and Belgium."[1] It is the amplest, most detailed history that has yet appeared of the first five months of the War. Mr. Perris became a War Correspondent more by accident than by choice. He happened to be staying in Paris last August, at the beginning of things, and remained there as representative of the *Daily Chronicle*. Except for brief occasional visits, he was not allowed to go to the front; no Correspondent was; but all roads then led to Paris—though the Germans didn't get there—and from refugees, from wounded officers and soldiers who had been in the thick of the fighting, as well as from French official sources and his own privileged excursions up to the fighting line, he was able to gather so much of the truth about all that was going on, and is so skilled in the fine art of journalism that his reports were recognised at once as among the best informed and most brilliant that any of our newspapers were giving us. He has not merely reprinted his newspaper articles in this book; the whole thing is newly written, and he has added much of importance that was not allowed to be printed before. There are unforgettable pictures of the life of Paris in the terrible days when it seemed inevitable that the German hordes would soon be surging into its streets; and no less haunting pictures of the devastated towns and villages of France and Belgium; the whole thrilling panorama of the heroic stand at Liège, the great retirement from Mons, the splendid rally at the turning point, when the Germans were hurled back across the Marne, and the dogged struggle in the trenches from September to the end of December, is unrolled before you vividly with a quick sense of the mighty dramatic qualities and the deep tragedy of it all. I think this is the largest of the war books, and I know you will read every word of it with unflagging interest, as I have done myself. In a thoughtful Introduction Mr. Perris deals searchingly with the causes of the war; and you will see the significance of his brief analysis of the strength, weaknesses, general characteristics of the opposed Powers:

"At the Hague, in all the councils of Europe, Germany came to stand nearly always for the reactionary refusal of better things. Despotic Russia had, at least, spasms of righteousness. The Tsar would have revolutionary petitioners shot down in the street, but would yield them a Duma; would establish a State liquor trade, then abolish it; would persecute Jews, but liberate Poles; would wage a nefarious war in Manchuria, but establish the world's law courts at the Hague. Behind these inconsistencies flames the soul and genius of the Russian folk, for whom no hopes are too high. There has never been a

[1] 10s. 6d. net. (Hodder & Stoughton.)



From a crayon portrait by William Strang.

Neil Munro.

Russian Treitschke, or a German Tolstoy. France remains, at heart, the land of the Revolutionary formula—liberty, equality, fraternity. England, with all the faults which her children are usually the first to point out, is still the England of Gladstone. Germany has not got beyond the Bismarckian doctrine that might is greater than right. For such a case the ancient warning was uttered: 'He who lives by the sword shall die by the sword.'"

An exhaustive account of the momentous, complicated negotiations that preceded the outbreak of War is given in Mr. J. W. Headlam's "History of Twelve Days."[2] It is based on official publications, and incorporates all the diplomatic documents issued by the various Governments. Rarely have so few days been crowded with so many great events, and Mr. Headlam's detailed explanations and analyses of them make this a very helpful and permanently valuable contribution to War literature.

Other War Correspondents whose admirable articles from the fighting area have added largely to their reputations are Mr. Philip Gibbs and Mr. George Adam. The latter, who is Paris Correspondent for *The Times*, takes up the great story[3] at the date when the Germans had fled north across the Aisne and the stubborn trench warfare had begun. He has a graphic pen, and I, for one, cannot read his descriptions of the horrors he has seen without agreeing with him that it might have been well had it been found possible "to conduct parties of eminent neutrals round the battlefields of the Marne, the Argonne, Flanders and the East"; and that "it would have been better if the military authorities had managed to show our own people what horrors lie behind the phrases of the communiques"—not that they might see "what is the punishment of national weakness": that is the mere clap-trap of party politics—but that they might realise the barbarity, the unspeakable damnableness of the militaristic idea, and be the more resolved not only that our own land should never imitate it, but should help to stamp the unclean thing out of the world of men or perish in the attempt. Surely it is sufficiently significant that not England alone, but nearly all the rest of the civilised world has risen almost unanimously against the bullying, menacing system which some people think we should have done well to imitate. What is valuable in Mr. Adam's book is the comprehensive description of the political conditions in France on the eve of the War, his lucid and vigorous account of the progress of the campaign, his poignant pictures of the swiftness and fine self-sacrifice with which France found her soul and became a nation united in face of the common enemy.

"In this book," writes Mr. Philip Gibbs, at the conclusion of "The Soul of the War,"[4] "I have set down simply the scenes and characters of this war as they have come before my own eyes and as I have studied them for nearly a year of history. If there is any purpose in what I have written beyond mere record it is to reveal the soul of war so nakedly that it cannot be glossed over by the glamour of false sentiment and false heroics. You cannot read the terrible stories he has to unfold, and unfolds with such forceful and fearless realism, without feeling, as he evidently does, that the chatter about "the ennobling influences of war" is the empty talk of foolish sentimentalists. War is never elevating, but often in the darkest hell of it some higher instincts of humanity survive, and the short-sighted misinterpret this. I have noticed that some reviewers charge both Mr. Gibbs and Mr. Perris with putting too much of sentiment into their descriptions of certain incidents of the war, notably the strange happenings in the trenches on Christmas Eve; but the man who could write of such things without wonder and profound emotion would not be imaginative or intelligent enough to understand them or to write serviceably of them at all.

Two books in which the shame of Germany and the martyrdom and the glory of Belgium are placed on record, in moving, unforgettable terms, by two of Belgium's own poets, are "Belgium's Agony,"[5] and "The Barbarians in Belgium."[6] They will do more to bring home to us a full realisation of the nameless horrors Belgium has endured than all the formal statements and grim, dispassionate evidence compiled in official documents. Quite at the beginning of the War Miss Violetta Thurstan went out to Belgium, the head of a party of English Red Cross nurses, and was working in Brussels before the Germans arrived there. When the Germans came she went on duty in a hospital at Charleroi; later, when English nurses and surgeons were expelled from the country, she travelled across Sweden into Russia and continued her work there. "Field Hospital and Flying Column"[7] is the journal of her experiences in Belgium and in Russia. What she says of the uncouthness, the barbarism, the wanton cruelty of the Germans is the more striking because of her readiness to recognise the good qualities of the German soldiers who were among her patients, and to praise and be grateful for any show of courtesy and humanity in exceptional German officers and officials. She tells simply and graphically of what she saw, and much of it confirms the black indictment that Verhaeren and Pierre Nothromb bring against Germany. Miss Thurstan had to suffer hardships and face dangers that must be much better to look back upon than to go through, and her story throws a sidelight on some phases of the war that will assist you to see it in its true perspective. Note, by the way, her significant little sketch of the difference between the bearing of the German officer towards his men and of the Russian officer towards his. The root-causes of the war, and of the unspeakable atrocities that have accompanied it, lie in that silly, egotistical, overbearing arrogance of the leaders of German thought and action.

I think perhaps it was because I came fresh from a reading of such books as these to "The Grapes and the Thorns"[8] that I grew a little impatient of Mr. Gilbert Thomas's "Thoughts in Wartime"—a little impatient of the equable, nice philosophy with which he devotes himself to considering the causes of the War, and apportioning the blame amongst Germany and the nations that have been forced to rise in self-defence against her. No nation is without sin; the spirit of militarism needs putting down in every country; I share all Mr. Thomas's hatred of war, and there was a time when I

[2] 10s. 6d. net. (Fisher Unwin.)
[3] "Behind the Scenes at the Front." By George Adam. 6s. net. (Chatto & Windus.)
[4] 7s. 6d. net. (Heinemann.)
[5] By Emile Verhaeren. 3s. 6d. net. (Constable.)
[6] By Pierre Nothromb. 2s. 6d. net. (Jarrold.)
[7] 2s. 6d. net. (Putnam.)
[8] 1s. net. (Headley Bros.).

was as keen a pacifist as he; but in this war Germany is so unquestionably the aggressor, there is such overwhelming evidence that for years past she had been sedulously preparing for aggression, and meant to embark on a career of conquest when she thought the time was ripe; and at this moment when she is making her great, swaggering effort after world-domination there is nothing for us to do but what we are doing. No choice was left to us, and I am in no mood to stand calmly aside and philosophise whilst our friends are fighting and dying to rehabilitate Belgium and to save us from Belgium's fate. It is as vain to harp on pacifist doctrines at this hour as it would be to hope to check the onrush of a mad bull by assuring it that you were a vegetarian. To argue that the faults of a class in our own country are so largely to blame for what has occurred that the responsibility for Belgium's suffering is ours no less than Germany's — that Belgium "has not been broken into by one bully called Germany, but by other bullies, one of whom is, incidentally, called England"—is, to put it plainly, pharisaical sophistry. Mr. Thomas writes so well, has so much to say that is true and wise and will appeal to thoughtful readers, that I am sorry he allows his pacifist doctrines to harden into bigotry and carry him, just now, to false extremes.

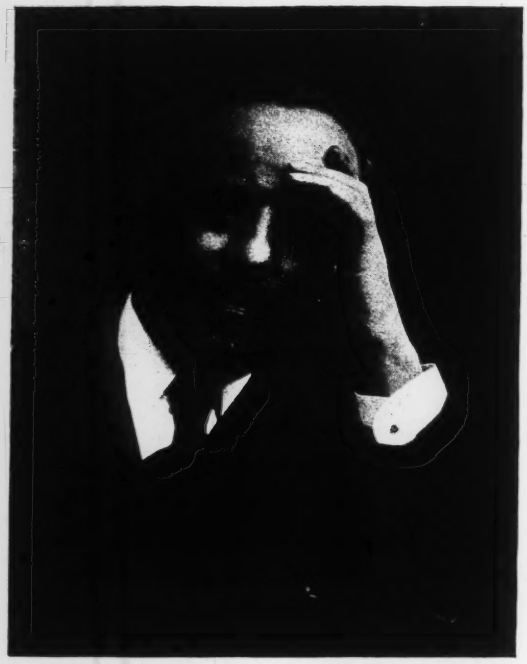


Photo by Reginald Haines. **Mr. G. H. Perris.**

I need not tell you to get Sir Owen Seaman's "War-Time Verses."[9] You have already read and admired many of them in *Punch*; I like the clean, sledge-hammer strokes of "Dies Irae"; the blistering scorn of "To the Bitter End"; the satire and shrewd humour of "Canute and the Kaiser," and "Moses II."; and am glad to have them in volume. Another book of verse, and one that has particularly delighted me, is "Ballads of Field and Billet," by W. Kersley Holmes.[10] Mr. Holmes is, they tell me, a Lance-Corporal in the Lothian and Border Horse, and he has put into these spirited ballads just his personal experiences of soldiering—pictures of the life in the midst of which he has been living, and the thoughts and feelings it has given rise to. He finds inspiration in the everyday incidents of training and camp life, and touches in little character sketches of his officers and comrades with a gay and whimsical humour; now and then he strikes a deeper note, and his pathos is as manly and as true as his patriotism. His soldiers are very different men from Kipling's; he pictures them in "The Barrack Room," brought together in a glorious comradeship from all grades of society, from the office, the study, the plough, one from the variety stage where he was earning "fifteen bob a week," one from a bank, and one from shooting pheasants on a big estate of his own.

"For each the work, the grub, the luck, the hope and fear the same,
Who comes for motives all diverse to learn the grimmest game;
And surely when, or soon or late, the weary war is done,
He'll be more quick to see a pal in every mother's son!'

"British Mud" is capital again; so is "Tommy and I," and "The Little Officers," "The Transport Driver," "Archie's Parting," "The Surprise," and "His Majesty's Stew." It is not great poetry, and was not meant to be; but it is the cleverest, pleasantest and most intimate collection of soldier-poems that the War has given us yet. It is a book that everybody should read, for everybody is interested in our new armies, and the life and the spirit of them is the spirit and life of these ballads.

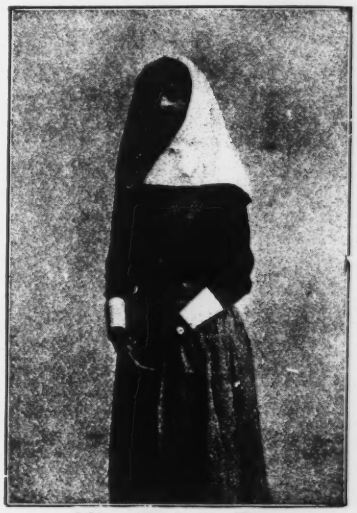
While we are talking of poetry, here is a brave new publishing adventure which I know will take your fancy. Mr. Erskine Macdonald, one of the most-alive and enterprising of our younger publishers, has just issued the first volume in a series of "Little Books of Georgian Verse." The series is under the capable editorship of Miss S. Gertrude Ford, and I think she has made a very happy choice of this charming little bundle of lyrics, "Manx Song and Maiden Song," by Mona Douglas,[11] for her first volume. Surely there can be few more essentially Georgian poets than Miss Douglas, who has not yet completed her sixteenth year. "I was born on September 18th, 1899, at Liverpool," she says in a brief note which Miss Ford prints at the end of her Introduction, "but both by descent and upbringing I am Manx, and when only a few months old was taken to the island to live." As she was rather delicate, she was allowed to run wild there instead of being sent to school. "At present," she adds, "I am helping in our own bakehouse in Birkenhead, in order to free a man for the front; doing housework as well, going to the School of Art and having other lessons at home, and writing in between times." In turning to the writing of verse she would seem to have followed a natural bent. The charm of these poems of hers is their spontaneity, their simple naturalness. There is music in them, a graceful fancy, a real love of nature and a sensitiveness to the beauty and mystery of common life. The verses are good in themselves—remarkably good if you remember the age of their writer, and what will please you even more is the promise that is in them. You must get this book, for its own sake, and because such a series started in such an uneasy time deserves

[9] 1s. net. (Constable.)
[10] 1s. 6d. net. (Paisley: Alex. Gardner.)
[11] 1s. net. Erskine Macdonald.

and needs encouragement. Miss Ford expresses a conviction that the War will have a spiritually uplifting effect on our literature in general and on poetry in particular and that, as time passes, these little books of Georgian verse will justify that faith which is in her. Three other books in the series are already arranged for. They are "Poems," by C. A. Macartney; "Heather Ways," by Hylda C. Cole; and "The Fields of Heaven," by Nora Tynan O'Mahoney, the sister of Katharine Tynan. And it should flatter THE BOOKMAN'S vanity that the names of two of the poets out of these first four (Miss Mona Douglas and Miss Hylda C. Cole) are already familiar to readers of its Prize Competition pages.

MARTINUS SCRIBLERUS.

P.S.—If you are for reading that which will take your thoughts away from the War for a bit, there is Filson Young's "New Leaves: A Volume of Essays" (5s. net., Martin Secker)—thirty-four light and charmingly discursive papers on the homely things of common life that matter so much to all of us; there is "Minnie's Bishop and Other Stories" (6s., Hodder & Stoughton)—two dozen tales by George A. Birmingham that are by turns charged with the simple pathos of lowly human lives and with the liveliest, most irresponsible humour. And there are six novels that I can strongly recommend to you—they are so newly published that I can only give you a list of them here, and leave what I have to say of them until I am writing again:



Miss Violetta Thurston.
Author of "Field Hospital and Flying Column" (Putnam).

"Jaffery." By W. J. Locke. (John Lane.)

"Merry Andrew." By Keble Howard. (John Lane.)

"His Father's Wife." By J. E. Patterson. (Allen & Unwin.)

"The Man from the Past." By Stanley Portal Hyatt. (Werner Laurie.)

"The Squire's Sweetheart." By Katharine Tynan. (Ward Lock.)

"Follow After." By Gertrude Page. (Hurst & Blackett.)

THE BOOKMAN PRIZE COMPETITIONS.

JULY, 1915.

Answers to these competitions (each on a separate sheet bearing the name and address of the sender) should be forwarded not later than the 14th of the month to

"The Prize Page," THE BOOKMAN, Messrs. Hodder & Stoughton, Warwick Square, E.C.

Colonial and foreign readers please note that Competitions II., IV. and V. are the same each month, and that for the next two months the 1st prize will be for the best original lyric.

SPECIAL NOTICE.—*Competitors must please keep copies of their verses; the Editor cannot undertake to return them.*

I.—A PRIZE OF ONE GUINEA is offered for the best original lyric.

II.—A PRIZE OF HALF A GUINEA is offered for the best quotation from English verse applicable to any review or the name of any author or book appearing in this number of THE BOOKMAN. Preference will be given to quotations of a humorous nature.

III.—A PRIZE OF THREE NEW BOOKS is offered for the best Limerick beginning "If I were the Kaiser——"

IV.—A PRIZE OF HALF A GUINEA is offered for the best review, in not more than one hundred words, of any recently published book. Competitors should give the names of Authors and Publishers at head of review.

V.—A copy of THE BOOKMAN will be sent *post free* for *twelve months* to the sender of the best suggestion for THE BOOKMAN Competitions. The Editor reserves the right to use any suggestion submitted.

RESULTS OF COMPETITIONS FOR JUNE.

I.—The PRIZE OF ONE GUINEA is divided, and HALF A GUINEA each awarded to Miss Thora Stowell, care of Miss Ogden, Palais de Koubbeh, near Cairo, Egypt, and to Miss B. C. Hardy, of 19, Hartfield Square, Eastbourne, for the following:

THE MAKER OF IDOLS.

I see him old and weary, and afraid
Of the Great Dark that his own hands have made,
Peopled with beckoning Things that grin and leer,
Touch his bowed shoulders, call, and disappear.

Out in the streets the little children run,
Laughing for joy beneath the summer sun,
Young girls go by with flowers for the gods. . . .
His hands have fashioned them, he knows them clods
Of clay and stone, of silver and fine brass.
His face is bitter as the women pass.

There is no hope for him in earth or sky,
His gods are dead—and yet, he too must die!

THORA STOWELL.

FOR OLD AGE.

If I should live to know the greys of age,
  Let me remember youth was grey as well,
  And the dark years between in silence fell—
Yet all these ways led to an hermitage.

If I must live to weakness and unrest,
  Who would have given my prime, but was forbid,
  Let me recall the griefs in memory hid,
And know the evil past, the good possessed.

If I must linger the long twilight through,
  And the dark night, and to the pearly dawn,
  Let me forget in that last radiant morn
All but the pure, the fair, the good, the true.

O white and shining palace of the soul,
Ringed round with embers of out-worn desire,
To thee I will arise from out the fire,
In thee I find the imperishable goal!

B. C. HARDY.

We also select for printing:

MY HEART'S A NEST.

My heart's a nest,
It's bird is you;
You are a moon
In my heart's blue.

You are a gem
Of worth untold,
Set by Fate's hand
In my heart's gold.

(Mary Carolyn Davies, Oxford Apartments, Berkely, California, U.S.A.)

DREAMS.

O the track that dips to the river through a mass of purple bloom,
And winds away to the hill-tops, where the great crags dimly loom!
I was there again in a dream just now, by the low-walled mountain fold,
When the sun was striking the Western hills with a sword of burning gold.

O the low thatch-house on the gareys! with the yellow gorse around,
And the little spring by the gable making music in the ground;
I went through the door as I used to do—but the hearth was black and bare,
And the hush of cold desolation lay like a mantle everywhere.

O the curraghs out to the Westward! with their smell of rain-wet turf,
And the noise of the little rivers running down to meet the surf. . . .
I was only there in a dream, I know, but I shall not soon forget—
For I heard the call of my native land, and my heart is throbbing yet!

(Mona Douglas, 37, Bentinck Street, Birkenhead, Cheshire.)

The best of the large number of other lyrics received are those written by Clement H. Whitby (Yeovil), F. J. Popham (Dumfries), Reginald Grey (Darlington), A. M. Bowyer-Rosman, London, W., Adelaide Phillpotts (Torquay), Dorothy Fortescue (Merioneth), Habberton Lulham (Gloucester), Isabel Davies (Liverpool), Violet D. Chapman (Burnham), Lettie Cole (Pontrilas), E. R. L. (Durham), Harry Eyden (St. Helens), J. E. Beamsley (Bradford), Ivan Adair (Dublin), W. Siebenhaar (Perth, W. Australia), Frank G. Greenwood (Bingley), Thomas Moult (Manchester), John A. Bellchambers (Highgate), Dorothy F. Hatford (Oxford), Hilda Trevelyan Thompson (Middlesbrough), May Kidson (Perth, W. Australia), George Savill (Brockley), Hugo Irvine (Aberdeen), A. N. Spice (Colorado, U.S.A.), A. B. Celliers (Stellenbosch, S.A.), Arthur Thrush (London, W.C.), E. T. Sandford (Saltash,) E. Lavinia Plummer (Ontario), Dorothy Plimpton (Munster Park), V. D. Goodwin (Gillingham), J. Hartman (California), Enid Woolright (Chelsea), Jessie Jackson (Beverley), D. A. E. Garrod (Melton), Edwin J. Pratt (Toronto), L. M. Davis (Enfield), Eric Chilman (Hull), Marjorie Crosbie (Wolverhampton), Cyril G. Taylor (Heswall), Vera Larminie (Kensington).

II.—The PRIZE OF HALF A GUINEA for the best quotation is awarded to Miss A. Watson, of 2, Otterburn Villas South, Newcastle-on-Tyne, for the following:

A PROFESSOR OF ENERGY: KIPLING. By CYRIL FALLS. (Martin Secker.)

"For men may come, and men may go,
But I go on for ever."

TENNYSON.

We also select for printing:

AT THE FRONT WITH THREE ARMIES. By GRANVILLE FORTESCUE. (Melrose.)

"Amid so many blows, of course, you'll suppose
He must get a black eye, or, at least, bloody nose."
BARHAM, *Ingoldsby Legends.*

(Philip Hickey, Kingstown, Ireland.)

CAN YOU FORGIVE HER? By ANTHONY TROLLOPE. (Lane.)

". . . what is your opinion, Mrs. Grundy?"
HOOD, *An Open Question.*

(Charles Powell, 67, Dickenson Road, Manchester.)

WAR UP-TO-DATE. By CHARLES E. PEARCE. (Stanley Paul.)

"Up rose the Sub-marine."
T. HOOD, *The Sub marine.*

(G. F. A. Salmon, Tregoney, Lannoweth Road, Penzance.)

SEEING IT THROUGH. By A. ST. JOHN ADCOCK. (Hodder & Stoughton.)

'And so I set my teeth together, and vowed I'd see it through."
WILL CARLETON, *Betsy and I are In.*

(Cicely Ford, Heather Cottage, Bengal Road, Winton, Bournemouth.)

THE SONG OF THE HOPS. (Eden Phillpots.)

"Come, and trip it, as you go,
On the light fantastic toe."
MILTON, *L'Allegro.*

(Jean Stewart, 16, Gibson Street, Hillhead, Glasgow.)

THE EVIDENCE OF THE CASE. By JAMES M. BECK. (Putnam.)

"She'd two black eyes, a broken nose,
And bruises half a score."
G. R. SIMS, *Christmassing à la mode de Slumopolis.*

(Rev. Edwin C. Lansdown, 159, Holly Lane, West Smethwick, Birmingham.)

THE GOLDEN QUEST. By A. AND C. ASKEW.

"High breeding is something, but, well-bred or not,
In the end the one question is, 'What have you got?'"
POPE.

(Miss C. Ransom, St. Mary Church, Torquay.)

Miss Mona Douglas,
whose "Manx Song and Maiden Song" is the first volume in Mr. Erskine Macdonald's new series of "Little Books of Georgian Verse."

THE EXPERIENCES OF A RECRUITING OFFICER. By COULSON KERNAHAN. (Hodder & Stoughton.)

"But as they fetch'd a walk one day,
They met a press-gang crew;
And Sally she did faint away,
Whilst Ben he was brought to."

HOOD, *Faithless Sally Brown.*

(D. E. Grant, 1548, East Eighty-Sixth Street, Cleveland, O, U.S.A.)

III.—The PRIZE OF THREE NEW BOOKS for the best eight lines of original verse on the new "Bantam" regiments is awarded to George Duncan Grey, of 67, High Street, Weston-super-Mare, for the following:

TO THE NEW BANTAM REGIMENTS.

Little heroes, firm-willed, who demand to be drilled,
Though your stature be slight, yet your hearts are all right,
And it's courage, not height, that serves best in the fight
When the trenches are filled, and you kill or are killed.

Nelson's words still abide: Bobs's deeds have not died:
You are bone of their breed: you inherit their creed.
Little heroes! God-speed! You are Britons indeed.
Though your chests are not wide, you are soldiers inside.

GEORGE DUNCAN GREY.

Of the many other replies received the six best are by C. W. P. Rogers (Ipswich), Doris Westwood (Sutton Coldfield), George A. Vann (Sheffield), William Sutherland (Sunderland), Marie Russell (Glasgow), Mrs. J. O. Arnold (Sheffield).

IV.—The PRIZE OF HALF A GUINEA for the best review in not more than a hundred words is awarded to W. M. Lodge, of 7, Gatestone Road, Upper Norwood, S.E., for the following:

THE VOYAGE OUT. By VIRGINIA WOOLF. (Duckworth.)

Here are gathered unusual people, interesting, rather attractive, but not lovable personalities. So much stress—not entirely pleasing—is laid upon the necessity of the heroine awaking to the facts of life, that, considering her incapacities or limitations when she met them, it almost seems that old-fashioned instincts might have equally served her. One anticipates a fine climax, and after all there appears to have been a fuss about nothing. Nevertheless, it is an exceedingly able book in which the characters take themselves most seriously, are very individual, and particularly incline to announcing that they have no religious Faith.

We also select for printing:

THE SWORD OF YOUTH. By JAMES LANE ALLEN. (Macmillan.)

This book is very well written and full of real moving life. It abounds in vivid descriptions of Kentucky farm life and nature. Yet the book is fundamentally wrong, and its beauties are marred by the episode, which I should like to call the "keystone" of the book. When, the boy obeys the foolish wish of a dying mother (foolish because no real mother would wish to see her son at the price of his honour) and puts in jeopardy, not only his own life, but that of a trusted and trusting friend, not only does he do a wrong thing, but, worse still, the wrong is cloaked with the semblance of heroism.

(Miss M. A. Pesci, 39, Highbury Hill, London, N.)

THE GREAT AGE. By J. C. SNAITH. (Hutchinson.)

Those who turn to the great Age of Elizabeth with delight and admiration, will give this novel a particularly warm reception. It contains a lucid picture of every-day life in England in the days of Gloriana; of life at Court, on the stage and in the farm. Its distinctive feature is that Shakespeare whose life is still clouded with uncertainty, is boldly introduced as one of the chief characters. However, the author's surmise of Shakespeare the man, is, to a certain extent, plausible and beyond doubt, interesting. And the story is certainly fascinating, full of the very life-blood of drama.

(G. V. Krupanidhi, Madras Christian College, Madras, India.)

THE PASTOR'S WIFE. By the Author of "Elizabeth and Her German Garden." (Smith, Elder.)

"The Pastor's Wife" may be a "little cold-watery, early-morningy thing," with flame-coloured hair, but the reader is left with a strong impression that it is well for Robertlet and Ditti that they are set in the mould of their matter-of-fact grandmother rather than that of their emotional mother; easily scared she appears to be, yet undertakes a foreign tour (all unknown to the alarming Bishop), marries a perfect stranger, goes blithely off to East Prussia with him—and then embarks on a week's tour with the artist, Ingram.

(Miss Ritchie, Nethercote, Merstham.)

The best twelve of the other reviews received are by Hilda Ridley (Toronto), Marie Russell (Glasgow), Clifford E. Neale (Birkenhead), Miss Jackson (Beverley), A. Eleanor Pinnington (Brighton), David Conrad (Forest Gate), J. Clifford Rowe (Wanstead), Arthur Davidson (Nairn), F. Webster (Walworth), M. A. Newman (Brighton), Miss S. A. Griffiths (Ferndale), N. R. McIntosh (Birmingham.)

V.—The PRIZE OF ONE YEAR'S SUBSCRIPTION to THE BOOKMAN is awarded to Miss Mary Carolyn Davies, of Oxford Apartments, Berkely, California, U.S.A.

New Books.

RUPERT BROOKE'S LAST POEMS.*

Much, but not overmuch, praise has been bestowed on the five sonnets which were to be Rupert Brooke's last poems. They were acclaimed, on their appearance in *New Numbers*, as probably the finest poetry which the war had so far inspired—indeed, one can only think of Masefield's "August" and two or three pieces of Binyon's as worthy to be named with them—and after the death at Lemnos they were remembered for their prophetic appropriateness. For death—the coolness and sweetness and safety of it—was the predominant idea in all of them. More than one poem in this posthumous collection is evidence that, when war overwhelmed the world, Brooke was in a mood to welcome the catastrophe, a mood of revulsion against the commonplaces of emotional life, very scornful of

"Half-men, and their dirty songs and dreary,
And all the little emptiness of love—"

glad of this vast thing in which he could swim clear of littleness. He has a bitter, disillusioned vision of some things—and especially of love, against the romantic conception of which he expresses himself with almost too conscious an emphasis in half a dozen poems. But he did not look on the war with an eye for which the heroisms are spoilt by the squalours and dishonesties, nor, on the other hand, with the candour of which Walter de la Mare wrote in his poem, "Keep Innocency"; but with a great eagerness.

"Now, God be thanked Who has matched us with His hour,
And caught our youth, and wakened us from sleeping,
With hand made sure, clear eye, and sharpened power,
To turn, as swimmers into cleanness leaping,
Glad from a world grown old and cold and weary,
Leave the sick hearts that honour could not move,
And half-men, and their dirty songs and dreary,
And all the little emptiness of love!

Oh! we, who have known shame, we have found release there,
Where there's no ill, no grief, but sleep has mending,
Naught broken save this body, lost but breath;
Nothing to shake the laughing heart's long peace there
But only agony, and that has ending;
And the worst friend and enemy is but Death."

* "1914, and Other Poems." By Rupert Brooke. 2s. 6d. net. (Sidgwick & Jackson.)

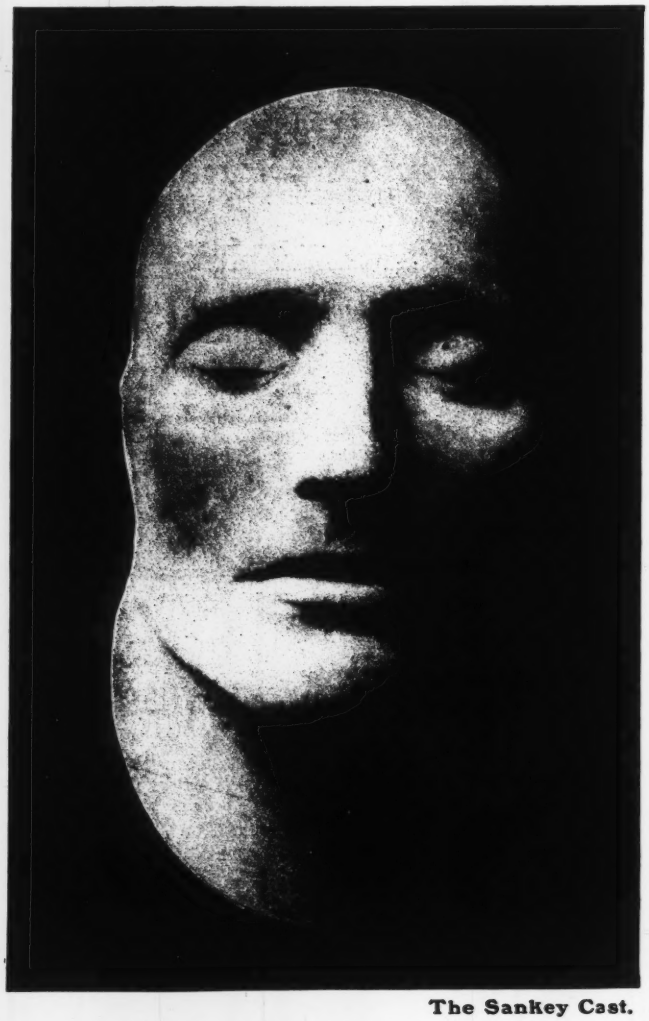
To read that, remembering "There's Wisdom in Women," "The Chilterns," "The Way that Lovers Use," and the sonnet called "Love," is to get a glimpse of an emotional history, which certain other poems (especially "The Great Lover"), giving evidence of a marvellous and joyful responsiveness of the senses, do not contradict but illuminate.

It is probable that Brooke's bitterness was only a phase of his development, and that it would have passed without the monstrous accident which slew the mood only a little while before it slew the poet; but his responsiveness was a permanent characteristic, and his power of finding the words which could make his apprehensions ours rarely failed him. His great technical quality, indeed, was his sureness of hand, his adequacy to transcribe his poems; and since his mind was stored with deep and honest thought and bright and subtle impressions, his poetry has a combination of exactness and richness unequalled by any poet living, unless by Lascelles Abercrombie. Among the dead, one has to go back past the romantics and over the eighteenth century, back to Donne, to find Brooke a fellow. His poetry is "satisfying and abiding." The temptation to quote from it is hard to resist, but the choice, where there are so few lapses from the best, is difficult. The following sonnet, "suggested by some of the proceedings of the Society for Psychical Research," is as near perfection as poetry (which after all is but a pis-aller for the unattainable) often reaches:

"Not with vain tears, when we're beyond the sun,
We'll beat on the substantial doors, nor tread
Those dusty high-roads of the aimless dead
Plaintive for Earth; but rather turn and run
Down some close-covered by-way of the air,
Some low sweet alley between wind and wind,
Stoop under faint gleams, thread the shadows, find
Some whispering ghost-forgotten nook, and there

Spend in pure converse our eternal day;
Think each in each, immediately wise;
Learn all we lacked before; hear, know, and say
What this tumultuous body now denies;
And feel, who have laid our groping hands away;
And see, no longer blinded by our eyes."

FRANCIS BICKLEY.



The Sankey Cast.

From "The Story of Napoleon's Death-Mask." (John Lane).

NAPOLEON'S DEATH-MASK.*

"The Story of Napoleon's Death-Mask" is one of those rare studies in iconography that seem destined to make an appeal to the general reader. The facts which Mr. Watson sets forth in his little monograph are indeed so surprising, and constitute such a piquant tale of fraud, mystery, and imposture as suffice to remove the narrative altogether from the category of mere dry-as-dust investigations. Everyone who is interested in Napoleon has, of course, heard of, and has seen reproductions of, the famous Death-Mask, now in the possession of Prince Victor Napoleon. But, prior to the publication of the volume before us, few persons, if asked the question, could, we imagine, have given the name of the real maker of the mask. On the authority of indisputable documentary evidence—that of a despatch sent by Sir Hudson Lowe to Lord Bathurst, dated June 13th, 1821; that of a letter of the maker's printed in *The Courier* of September 10th of the same year, and that of a lecture delivered in Dublin by the maker's cousin, Dr. Robert James Graves, F.R.S., and published in the *London Medical and Surgical Journal* for July 18th, 1835—Mr. Watson establishes the fact that Dr. Burton, surgeon to the 66th Regiment of Foot, and uncle of the famous Sir Richard Burton, was the *onlie begetter* of the Death-Mask, "that solitary cast which is the *fons et origo* of all the death-masks of Napoleon that ever were or ever will be." Here then is a story which explains why this priceless relic of St. Helena is the property of a Bonapartist prince instead of being housed in one of our own national collections, a record which serves to prove—once again—with what extreme consideration, nay, with what undue consideration, Sir Hudson Lowe comported himself towards "General Bonaparte" and his suite right down to the very end of the chapter. On Saturday, May 5th, 1821, as Napoleon lay dying, it was agreed that both Dr. Antommarchi, his physician, and Dr. Burton, should take death-masks of the great man, a proposal which met with the hearty approval of Sir Hudson Lowe. Napoleon died at 5.49 p.m. that same day. The next day, however, Antommarchi refused to attempt the task of making a mask, alleging that the plaster available was useless. Of this material, notwithstanding, Dr. Burton contrived to fashion a mould. The following day, May 7th, having received better and fresher plaster, the English surgeon took his cast from the mould and left it to dry all day. Returning the next day, he found that the front or face had been seized and packed up by Count and Countess Bertrand, who refused to hand it back to him. Thinking it unwise in this emergency to appeal to Sir Hudson Lowe, who, as his despatch to Lord Bathurst shows, would in any case have refused to interfere in the matter, Dr. Burton postponed taking action till he arrived in London. Then in September he took proceedings at Bow Street against the Bertrands for the recovery of the mask, and was non-suited on a point of law. But beyond writing the letter to *The Courier* to which we have alluded, a letter in which he claimed the sole authorship of the mask; beyond, too, filing a correspondence between

* "The Story of Napoleon's Death-Mask." Told from the Original Documents. By G. L. De St. M. Watson. 6s. net. (John Lane.)

himself and Antommarchi, in which the latter stated that he knew Burton had made the plaster and taken the cast, a correspondence which Mrs. Burton, the widow, in the true fashion of Burton widows, burnt, the English doctor took no further steps towards vindicating his claim. He died of hæmorrhage of the lungs, October 24th, 1828. The Bertrands took the mask with them to France, from them it descended to their daughter, Madame Thayer, and from her it passed to Prince Victor Napoleon, the present owner. In the summer of 1822, however, when Antommarchi was their guest, the Bertrands produced the mask, and the Italian, having made a secondary or piece-mould upon it, took from this a secondary cast, which seems still to be in existence. In the winter of 1824–25 Antommarchi brought out his *Derniers Momens de Napoleon*, a work in which he claimed for the first time to have made the mask. But it was not till nearly nine years later—on July 15th, 1833—that he issued the *Prospectus* in which he invited subscribers to purchase those plaster and bronze reproductions which he impudently and falsely claimed to be derived from his own original cast.

Even more astounding, however, than this true story of theft, and of stolen fame, is the fact, which seems to be sufficiently well authenticated—that on May 7th, 1821, "while Burton's cast, as yet unabstracted, lay hard and dry in the chamber of which the artist was free," a second secondary cast was taken from it—the first, of course, in order of time—by Joseph William Rubidge, a miniature painter, who had come out to St. Helena a little while before Napoleon died. From its maker this—the Sankey—cast passed to the Rev. R. Boys, chaplain at St. Helena, who bequeathed it to his daughter, Mrs. Sankey, who left it to her son, the present owner, Dr. Sankey, of Oxford. The pedigree of the Sankey cast, on this showing, seems, we admit, to be indefeasible. Notwithstanding, we should like to ask Mr. Watson three questions: (1) What became of Mr. Rubidge when he left St. Helena for London in the early autumn of 1821? (2) How does it happen that the only *documentary* evidence for the genuineness of the Sankey mask is provided by a certificate written forty-one years after the date at which Mr. Rubidge's cast came into the Rev. R. Boys's possession? (3) Have any reproductions been made from the Sankey mask?

W. A. L. B.

JOHN GALSWORTHY'S SATIRES.*

Mr. Galsworthy is a curious instance of the dangers of the literary life. He is not by temperament an artist; his main interests have always been of that grave and more discreet kind which mark the adventurer in sociology or philanthropy. In his more recent books, social economy, politics, love of animals, and a rather windy defiance of the ordinary man, have given to his writings an aridity which is effective but scarcely pleasing. For his method has great advantages. His persons are never allowed to interfere with his problems, nor, as a rule, does any inconvenient power of observation upset his preconceptions. In this volume, for instance, there is a series called "Studies in Extravagance." They treat in a rather heavy periphrastic style with different modern types—"The Writer," "The Critic," "The Plain Man," "The Housewife," "The Latest Thing." They are all singularly complete. In a way they are in the mode of terse character studies, of which Sir Thomas Overbury left such good specimens. But Mr. Galsworthy's vision is not sufficiently universal to make him a good writer of characters. His types are distorted. He just satirises or condemns traits he dislikes, and is careless as to their real suitability to those on whom he foists them. In writing of "The Plain Man," he says, "Something told him that he, beyond all other men, knew what was good for his wife and children. . . . Essentially a believer in liberty, like every Englishman, he was only for pulling down a thing when it offended his own vista." Now there is nothing in that typical of the "plain man" more than, let us say, Mr. George Moore. The truth is, Mr. Galsworthy has an inherent distaste for the positive character. For him a decision must nearly always be wrong. There are so many sides to every question that it is better not to be certain about any. This indecisiveness is apparent even when he writes of subjects which arouse his enthusiasm. His "Little Man" gets a hero's halo through sheer lack of will. He clings to somebody else's baby all through the scenes of his little drama, not because he wants the child, but simply because he cannot make up his mind at critical moments to do anything. He just suffers. There is, of course, splendour in suffering; but it should be the crown rather than the goal of a career. It is scarcely an objective for a human being. Mr. Galsworthy has a superb dislike for success, but he is not quite fair to the successful; and he is over-elaborate in his attack on the prosperous. In "Ultima Thule" he tells us of a poor man who is a friend to animals—sick, wounded cats, or birds. The man's character is drawn with real affection, but Mr. Galsworthy is too anxious to assure us that anyone more competent would be without his old man's sweetness of spirit. He does not believe that the meek shall inherit the earth; in spite of such instances to the contrary as St. Francis of Assisi or St. Therese or George Fox, he would seem to believe in some mystical connection between incompetence and saintliness. When the hero of "Ultima Thule" dies, he leaves his poor pensioners to a rich friend—Mr. Jackson of the Harmony Theatre. Mr. Jackson accepts the trust:

> "I'll take his old cats on; don't you let him worry about that. I'll see to his bird, too. If I can't give 'em a better time than ever they have here, it'll be funny!"

So he promises an acquaintance. And he takes the cats; and the acquaintance went down to see them.

> "In the grounds, past the vinery, an out-house had been cleaned and sanded, with cushions placed at intervals against the wall, and a little trough of milk. Nothing could have been more suitable or luxurious. 'How's that?' he said. 'I've done it thoroughly.' But I noticed that he looked a little glum. 'The only thing,' he said, 'is the cats. First night they seemed all right; and the second there were three of 'em left. But to-day the gardener tells me there's not the ghost of one anywhere. It's not for want of feeding. They've had tripe and liver and milk—as much as ever they liked. And cod's heads, you know—they're very fond of them. I must say it's a bit of a disappointment to me.'"

Now it is plain that Mr. Jackson does not fail with animals because he is prosperous. Mr. Galsworthy presents him as an image of success, and his little old friend as an image of failure; but this is the false vision of literary sentiment. The old man could claim success just as much as Mr. Jackson. He succeeded in attracting stray cats to himself. That this denotes any particular nobility of character is just the wildest kind of morbid affectation on Mr. Galsworthy's part. The old man, or old woman, who devotes his life to quantities of pet animals is frequently too sordid for words. Mr. Galsworthy has gone "fey" about pet animals. They can become just as degrading a vice as company-promoting and theatre-floating. This brings me back to my original contention. The practice of literature has spoiled Mr. Galsworthy, as it spoils any man who, without the artistic temperament, meddles in the things of art. He can no longer control his own theories. He is mastered, like a politician, by the formulæ of his profession. He divides the world, a little nervously, into groups, and looks askance at the result. And all the time human beings, unaffected, natural, simple-minded, are waiting to be discovered. An artist has no business, even in satire, to treat Brown-Smith as simply The Plain Man; he must find out his Christian name—and his pet name. Perhaps the most significant thing in this book is the fact that none of the principal characters, from "The Little Man" to the old lover of cats, have any Christian name. They are attitudes, not persons. And without persons you cannot have a sound literature.

R. ELLIS ROBERTS.

* "The Little Man, and Other Satires." By John Galsworthy. 6s. (Heinemann.)

TWO PATHS OF CONTEMPLATION.*

There is one point of view from which it is possible to look at these two books together, diverse as they are in their subject, and more indeed than diverse in method and treatment. Both are concerned with certain states in consciousness, leading up to a single state, which the habit of centuries has qualified by the term mystical, though it is a most unsatisfactory word, considered as the measure of an alleged experience by the least characteristic fact that is known or affirmed concerning it. Mrs. Rhys Davids uses the term sparingly, but her psychology is not less that of mysticism. Miss Underhill uses it and its correlatives frequently, and cannot do otherwise, for in her case there is no other word available, and it might be mischievous rather than helpful were it possible to find a substitute. Both in Buddhist psychology and in Ruysbroeck, the states are salient points or stages in the travelling of an inward path which must be called that of contemplation, though again without being satisfied by the word; and as in respect of the eastern records it would be ridiculous to use eastern terminology in the present notice, I will adopt certain approximate equivalents which Mrs. Rhys Davids has furnished here and there.

The practice of the path in Buddhism is (1) by applied and sustained attention, having eliminated the discursive work of intellect; (2) by the composure of self-contained mind, born of concentration; (3) by abiding in lucid mind; (4) by passing beyond that pair of opposites included by the notion of joy and misery, and by attaining thereafter a state of pure lucidity which is called indifference of mind, "wherein is neither happiness nor unhappiness." Mrs. Rhys Davids tell us that these are all states of "ecstatic contemplation," an expression which is perfectly familiar in Christian mysticism. In the fourth state there is reached that mode of being which is called "higher consciousness." But there appears to be a fifth which has also four grades, as in a path of quest, thus: (1) elimination of all distinctions, which are replaced by a sense of infinite space; (2) realisation of the infinite as consciousness; (3) transcension of infinite consciousness and realisation of an infinite nothingness; (4) the state of abiding in that which is "neither percipience nor non-percipience."

Students of Christian mysticism will be reminded at once of pseudo-Dionysius, who describes in his "Mystical Theology" an analogous entrance into negation and darkness, and of the old English "Cloud of Unknowing," with its "abiding in the nowhere and the nought." The analogies in Ruysbroeck may be gathered from many texts, when he speaks of repose in a state "above all resemblance"; a state "above the self, in unity"; a state of emptiness in bare love, etc. But beyond all the analogies there is a contrast which is greater than these. While the end for the Buddhist, as for the Christian saint, was "banishment of self," for the former this experience was followed by no sense of Divine Union. The suspension of the reflex act did not lead up to God-consciousness. Christian mysticism seeks to enter the Dionysian void, but it is in order to attain God, or—with Ruysbroeck—to "find within themselves, above reason, the Kingdom of God and God in His Kingdom." So does "the closed heaven" open for the inward man, who is "turned with a full heart to the Eternal Goodness." The practice of Buddhist psychology leaves the soul in the void, in an unimaginable condition, having neither the self nor God. Give to me therefore, as ever, the Way in Christ.

Mrs. Rhys Davids has taken as the foundation of her study a mediæval compendium of philosophy and psychology which has been made available to English readers, under the auspices of the Pali Text Society, by herself and an oriental collaborator. From this starting-point she pursues the Buddhistic "inquiry into mind and its activities" through some of the old texts, and again through later developments, outside the compendium mentioned. We have thus the psychology of a long line of memorials on "mind in term and concept," consciousness and the external world, feeling and ideation. We have also the psychological developments of the later period as regards introspective analysis and definition. There should be no need to speak of the ripe knowledge which Mrs. Rhys Davids brings to her subject. She has also the admirable humility which comes from knowledge. She speaks of her work as "a rough provisional sketch" and "a temporary makeshift." To myself, on the other hand, it seems of no less importance than interest, though it has to be said that, largely on account of the subject, but in part also through a certain want of care in her writing, she is a little difficult to follow, and one would have thought otherwise that she was for the zealous and prepared student rather than for the "layman" to whom the Quest Series appeals. Miss Underhill, on the contrary, has not only a simple subject, but a facile style and between them gives exactly what is wanted for such an undertaking. Those who are content to know in a general way what was done and thought, experienced and recorded by the great Flemish mystic of the fourteenth century have no need to go further than her pages. And those—on the other hand—who are familiar with Ruysbroeck will sympathise with Miss Underhill over many things which have had to be omitted or treated slightly, in view of the space at her disposal.

A. E. WAITE.

* "Buddhist Psychology." By Mrs. C. A. F. Rhys Davids, M.A. (Quest Series.) 2s. 6d. net. (G. Bell & Sons.)

"Ruysbroeck." By Evelyn Underhill. (Quest Series.) 2s. 6d. net. (G. Bell & Sons.)

RUSSIA AND THE WORLD.*

Mr. Stephen Graham's power of interpreting Russia to England is a valuable national asset at the present moment. We have had several excellent writers who have been able to describe Russia encyclopædically (so to speak)—to give us its dimensions, its population, its productions, and all the rest of the statistics; but till recently we have had no one to show us the very pulse of the machine. Careful, discriminating readers of the great Russian novelists have learnt much about the real country—the country of countries that, in the case of a nation with a soul, dwells in the people rather than is dwelt in by them (just as it is truer to say that heaven dwells in the saint than that the saint dwells in heaven); but such readers have been few, and the bulk of the remainder, fed by cheap newspapers and cheaper drama, have persisted in regarding Russia as the wintry-looking background of Nihilists, knouts, and the secret police. Such interpreters, then, as Mr. Maurice Baring and Mr. Stephen Graham, are doing a real service to all of us. Mr. Graham, who has caught so deservedly the ear of the greater public, is fortunately conscious of his power and his responsibility. The present volume rings more true than anything that he has written about Russia. There is nothing here like the rather affected and self-conscious disquisition on pilgrimages that marred a fine earlier volume. The writer, resembling here as in many other things, the people he describes, has been touched by the war to an exaltation that, like any true uplifting, is simple and penetrating as well as sincere. His papers or chapters are all short, and, in Mr. Graham, brevity is strength. They are all admirably varied. There are conversations, sketches of character, things seen, discussions of policy and forecasts of the future. The whole thing is thrillingly actual and apposite. No other volume will give the reading Englishman so clear and sane an idea of what Russia and the Russian alliance really means to both sides. To read this book is both a duty and a high delight. It is Russia's finest interpreter at his strongest and best.

* "Russia and the World." By Stephen Graham. 10s. 6d. net. (Cassell.)

THE VALLEY OF FEAR.*

As a detective story, this Sherlock Holmes tale, or at any rate the first half of it, is as good as anything Sir Conan Doyle has ever written. But admirers of Sherlock Holmes have been educated up to the point of expecting not only a good detective story, but a picture that will unmistakably reveal this character's greatness. Here there is some failure. The picture is a trifle blurred. The figure does not stand out clearly against the background. At times it melts into that background ; at other times it is even overshadowed by it.

Dr. Watson is as good a foil as ever in rushing to hasty conclusions, in running on the trail of every red herring drawn across the path ; but even Dr. Watson makes some subtle observations and one discovery that is vital to the elucidation of the case. The detective Macdonald is hardly a foil at all. He shows strong common sense, and in making him occupy the stage so much in the early chapters, the author seems to be more occupied in building up the mystery than in preserving the prestige of the great Holmes.

The great Holmes is as consistent as ever—from a moral point of view. His sarcasm is even more biting than before, and in his lofty advice to his inferiors to go and study the view or to pay more attention to the local guide, the man again stands before us as of old. Particularly well drawn is his contempt for womankind as expressed in one word "ululations." But intellectually Holmes, partly from some not very intelligible design of the author's, partly by misadventure, does not stand so forcibly before us. He is tricked by the sticking-plaster dodge : he fails to take the hint given him by the woman.

Perhaps his creator desired to make him more human, to sacrifice the strength of the portrait to the demands of realism. If so, we cannot arraign his art, though we may his judgment. But in the second half of the story the author seems to lose his grip of his subject and his art. In this half by a violent dislocation we are carried away from "a haunt of ancient peace," such as Igtham Moat, from placid butler and housekeeper, from placid waters of the moat, from ancient garden and yew hedges, and we are transported to a time a quarter of a century before, and to scenes of crude repulsive wickedness. The beautiful English background gives place to the ugliest of American scenes. Æsthetically the wrench is as trying as the change of time is intellectually. But through these lurid scenes moves a man who equals Sherlock Holmes in craft and surpasses him in daring. Holmes disappears not only from the written page but from our memory. Time, place and hero—all are changed. In short, the two parts of the story are not welded together, while the violent contrasts between them serve no artistic purpose.

W. A. F.

RABINDRANATH TAGORE.†

This short but enthusiastic study of the life and writings of the Indian poet, Rabindranath Tagore comes rather late into the field. Quite apart from the war, interest in his writings is not what it was. The charming grace and fancy of "Gitanjali" was not caught so happily in "The Gardener" and "The Crescent Moon" and we suspect that neither "Sadhana" nor his plays has made any great impression on the public mind. The fact is that Tagore was overestimated in the first flush of enthusiasm. His reputation is finding a saner level. But even in the perspective in which we now see him he shows up as a remarkable figure. A sane mystic, a dreamer with his feet on earth, a poet and a practical man—the combination is sufficiently rare. And the quality of his work in every direction is on a distinguished level. Something Western has touched his Eastern intelligence. His poems show that in their curious mixture of modern romanticism and Indian imagery. He is, apparently, no believer in creeds. His God has the pantheistic qualities which would have appealed to Shelley. There is wisdom, gentle irony, and beauty in Tagore's verse. And perhaps there is genius. It is difficult to say, especially as we read it only in translations. He is not (as we know his works) a creative or original artist of the highest rank, and, therefore, outside his own country, he can never expect the widest recognition. His sudden European popularity was not, strictly, a literary popularity, it was the popularity of the new moralist. His simple and soothing philosophy impressed the Occidental mind as the pearly, country dawn impresses the mind of the town-dweller. It was the spell of something that, in a moment, seemed to simplify life and to make plain the dark places of the heart. The reaction comes when we find that only for the chosen few is there this "open sesame" to existence. Tagore's philosophy is all right for a Tagore. . . .

In regard to Mr. Rhys' book it is difficult to make any comment. It is one long hymn of praise. Such enthusiasm is refreshing but uncritical. The whole book is written upon a note of laudation ; but it is written, obviously, in the most perfect sincerity and with the only purpose of presenting a new genius, one might almost say a new saint, to the world. Fortunately, the collective mind is more cautious than the individual. It takes a terrific blow to convert the world. All the same, Mr. Rhys has much to say that will attract readers of Tagore's works, more especially on the biographical side. His wide knowledge of the literatures of two continents has helped him in his comparative estimations, and his idealism has enabled him to write confidently of the idealism of his subject.

R. C.

THE ART OF JOSEPH PENNELL.*

To find Mr. Pennell, the apostle of modernism, making a pilgrimage to the central shrine of classicism is an experience worth hailing as a great event. It is a long, long way to the Parthenon from Panama, and longer still, in a sense, from gigantic themes of hydraulic engineering to studies of ruin and survival among the triumphs of Hellenic architecture. We can fancy the cynic proclaiming that at last the ages are having their revenge, and that modernism has exhausted its resources. On the other hand, we can easily conceive Mr. Pennell turning with a keener zest than ever to the inculcation of his favourite gospel of the essential claims of Labour on the attention of Art, now that he has given serious and open-minded thought to the classics and their message as expressed in its purest form and amid its own surroundings. Whether or no, this sincere attempt to learn what Greek art has to say, especially by a Westerner of such original and unconventional temperament, is perhaps the most considerable victory over the New World by the art of the Old since Whistler went to Venice and doubled his horizon and his powers.

Curiosity and a kind of honourable pique were the motives at work, as Mr. Pennell shows in a characteristically candid preface. He went to Greece to see if the greatest work of the past was as inspiring as he had been told ; and he wanted to clear himself from the taunt of being "a ragtime sketcher who couldn't see Greek art and couldn't draw it if he did." In regard to both counts, we feel inclined to adopt the formula employed by Cabinet Ministers disposing of questions on the paper for the day, and say that while the answer to the first is in the affirmative, the second is drowned by the derisive cheers of both sides of the House. For this book of temple studies is a complete and handsome vindication of both the artist and his theme. He admits a wish that he had more diligently studied classic writings, for then he would have

* "The Valley of Fear." By A. Conan Doyle. 6s. net. (Smith, Elder.)

† "Rabindranath Tagore." A Biographical Study. By Ernest Rhys. 5s. net. (Macmillan.)

* "Lithography and Lithographers." By Joseph Pennell and E. Robins Pennell. 10s. 6d. net. (Fisher Unwin.)
"Joseph Pennell's Pictures in the Land of Temples." 5s. net. (Heinemann.)

seen still more than he did, but his native vigour of perception showed him one thing which these drawings display to perfection, and that is the supremacy of the classic architects in utilising a perfect sense of Mass and Design in relation to Site. Therein, of course, they were more fortunate than we, for the whole earth was theirs and the fulness thereof; moreover, they were not hampered by ganglions of drain-pipes and "tubes" or the preservation of vested interests. And they are happy in these latter days in having made a convert of a great and masculine artist like Mr. Pennell, who owns up handsomely with pen as well as pencil, and pays them the double tribute of this welcome book of lithographs and explanatory notes.

The larger book is no less welcome; first, as a reprint, or, rather, a revision of a costlier and now inaccessible monograph; and, secondly, as the pioneer volume of a new Series on the Graphic Arts. Mrs. Pennell has rewritten her historical section in the light of our fuller knowledge concerning Senefelder and his great invention. The rest of the chapters—critical, theoretic, and executive—by Mr. Pennell himself, embody the substance of the Cantor lectures he delivered a year ago before the Royal Society of Arts, and the reproductions make a superb and striking gallery, illustrating the art of the stone in all its bewildering scope and potency. As a whole, the book indicates the strenuous and prosperous crusade which has been waged by the Senefelder Club, and encourages the hope that the work of the lithographer will banish from our hoardings much of the hideous and garish chromo-work that has been searing the public retina for years. Lithography is, after all, the directest form of appeal between the draughtsman and the spectator, and, in days when personality and subjectivity are accounted everything, this frank and splendid craft should come more and more into its own.

POEMS IN TRANSLATION.*

A number of translations of Chinese and Japanese poetry have appeared in English within late years. Their authors have sought to contain the volatile spirit of this Oriental poetry in all kinds of forms—Omarian quatrains, rhymed and unrhymed couplets, and stanzas of various kinds. One feels with regard to Mr. Pound's "Cathay" that he has, at any rate, sought for an honesty of method. His translations are not mere excuses, as is so often the case with this kind of work, to irradiate with a little of someone else's spirit a blameless but dull technique. Mr. Pound uses the *vers libre*—wavering unequal lines whose length and rhythm are determined on a purely arbitrary system. They are subject to no other discipline, as far as can be discovered, than that of caprice. Whether a frank and simple prose would not have better still suggested the delicate charm of these enamelled poems is another question.

For all this very personal manner of altering the line-length of the verse, of paragraphing, and of making stanzas at will suggests inevitably to the reader that the poet is sophisticating himself with affectations. The translation of classical verse must be approached, above all things, with humility, and any affectation in the execution of it is repellent to the mind.

Still Mr. Pound does not gravely err in this direction, and often gives us little poems in which the rich yet fastidious colours of Chinese art are admirably reproduced. The little book provides a procession of bright images and sweet words. Peach boughs, apricot boughs, dragons, dancing girls, yellow dogs, blue jade, green eyebrows are here—all the motives and all the highly-wrought beauty of a wise and ancient Oriental art. The poems translated are mostly from Rihaku, and the notes of the late Ernest Fenollosa are drawn on by the author.

Theodore Botrel has been officially recognised in France as the "Chansonnier des Armées," a rich and enviable title pleasantly reminiscent of the Middle Ages. The Breton poet sings his songs to the troops and inspires them with his own ardour when too much trench life has momentarily depressed them. In order to introduce Botrel to the British public, Mr. G. E. Morrison has chosen here and there some thirty of his most typical *chansons*. He has succeeded in conveying to us a very good idea of the charm of the Breton poet. Botrel's note at its best is pure and limpid, and not unlike that of Mistral. But the Breton, of course, is at once a less simple and a less learned man than the poet of Provence. For Botrel the *chansonnier* has two distinct kinds of simplicity in his style; one which is natural and instinctive, and another which he seems to think is expected of him, and tries to live up to. In this second manner he draws little morals, and seeks to improve the occasion. It tends to make an oleograph of his work. But underneath it there is a charming manner such as we have hints of in "The Accursed Isle."

Miss Alma Strettell's translation of selected poems of Emile Verhaeren is a reprint of a book which was, I fancy, a blossom of the efflorescent 'nineties. There are pieces here from some of the representative books of the Belgian poet—"Les Villages Illusoires," "Les Heures Claires," and "La Multiple Splendeur." The translation is well done, and within its limits the book gives an idea of Verhaeren's work.

The "Kasîdah" is a new edition of a curious poem by Sir Richard Burton, to which Mr. Roger Ingpen offers a foreword. The poem well represents its author's sceptical and eclectic mind which betokens the anthropologist with something of the poet in him. Burton ranges over a library of philosophies and a pantheon of gods to find material for his verse, but the effect, as might be expected, is more curious and interesting than poetic. E. S.

* "Cathay. Translations." By Ezra Pound. 1s. net. (Mathews.)—"Songs of Brittany." By Theodore Botrel. 1s. net. (Mathews.)—"Poems." By Emile Verhaeren. Translated by Alma Strettell. 3s. 6d. (Lane.)—"The Kasîdah." By Sir Richard Burton. (Hutchinson.)

THE BRIGHT SIDE OF LIFE.*

This new life of Fawcett does not attempt to challenge the position awarded to the biography compiled by his great friend, Sir Leslie Stephen, but it does throw considerably more light on his character, especially as it was affected by the injury to his eyes, and in so doing it presents us with a magnificent example of courage.

Let us admit at once that Fawcett was peculiarly fortunate. His tastes, pursuits and more serious interests were just those that are least affected by blindness. When the accident occurred he had already given his whole soul to political economy, which is easily studied by a blind man. His passions for angling, for skating, for walking were not seriously interfered with.

Add to this that he had naturally a buoyancy of temper which frequently found vent in infectious hilarity. Even his loud ringing voice was an asset to him in his calamity. Another asset was his great power of conversation, which, graced as it was with self-restraint and sympathy, made him a host of friends, Luckily too, or providentially, he met with a lady who exactly harmonised with him in her interests, and whose sense of humour was no less vivacious than his own.

But when all these fortunate circumstances have been enumerated, there still remains unaccounted for that unconquerable will and high courage which persisted in distilling good out of ill. Heaven helps those who help themselves, and in a short time happiness became natural to him, and he "saw infinitely more of the beauty and happiness of life than the average person." As with so many blind persons his other senses became more acute. In his own words he could "see" his fishing line caught in the tree above his head, while "the thud of the falling apple on the hard ground in the orchard made him laugh as it brought autumn to his ear." He proved the truth of Miss Helen Keller's dictum: "To be blind is to see the bright side of life." W. A. F.

* "A Beacon for the Blind: Being a Life of Henry Fawcett." By Winifred Holt. 7s. 6d. net. (Constable.)

MR. JONES GOES TILTING.*

"There is nothing worthy of admiration in persuading a theatrical manager to lose a thousand pounds a week in producing some tract or message that could be easily printed for a few shillings." Whence it happens, as the author points out, that Mr. Henry Arthur Jones, with a soft heart towards managers, will present the public with a burlesque in narrative form rather than damage his reputation with playgoers and ruin his manager. I would point out one fact against even the success of that course, and that is the higher standard of literary taste the reading public exact, in comparison with the playgoing public.

Mr. Jones, fearing the reader may lack a standard, tells us that a burlesque should smite the great vices and insincerities of the time—should strip us bare to the skin—romp and shout around us. If that be the case, then the author is hoist with his own petard, for "The Theatre of Ideas" miserably fails as burlesque when we apply Mr. Jones's own standard. Most literary readers remember with affection those famous burlesques, Chaucer's "Rime of Sir Thopas," Beaumont and Fletcher's "Knight of the Burning Pestle," "The Rehearsal," "Don Quixote," Sheridan's "The Critic," and just lately those gem-like burlesques which our own Barrie set in some of the Revues. All these possess the blessed gift of unfailing humour, sprightly wit, happy invention and infectious gaiety. Broadly speaking, burlesque should be the perfect conjoining of the lofty and the little, with the sole view of exciting laughter. In "The Theatre of Ideas" the author has, I think, wrongly chosen the allegory form, with the result that it reads like an attempt to parody "The Pilgrim's Progress" through the Slough of Advanced Ideas. He brings us to an externally imposing temple, his so-called Theatre, in which a swaying figure sits valiantly astride a large rocking horse, plunging his sword into various parts of our social system; presents us with statues standing on their heads; pacifist professors fighting with each other—in fact, all the stodgy paraphernalia of humour one associates with mid-nineteenth-century jokes about the intellectuals. The whole thing is too obvious—the humour too pedestrian.

Now the Preface to the book is really valuable because in it Mr. Jones submits his apologia *pro vita sua*. After pointing out that "No sympathy should be given to dramatists, however lofty their aims, who will not study to please the general body of playgoers of their days," he tells us somewhat wistfully of his own deeds in the desire to impart a higher standard to his work, in examples like "Saints and Sinners," "The Crusader," and "Michael and his Lost Angel," and of their failure as commercial plays. Then he ends up by stating that whenever he has found leisure he has employed it in writing plays without any consideration of production in the theatre.

And this burlesque and three short plays are examples of his efforts in this direction.

In "The Goal," which is really clever in its characterisation of Sir Stephen Famariss, and has all those penetrative qualities which are Mr. Jones's chief gift, we have a one-act play which lacks the indispensable virtue of unexpectedness in the situations which are necessary to complete success in a certain-raiser, although the contrast between the gay sounds of the adjoining dance chamber and the death-scene presented on the stage, have strong dramatic value. "Her Tongue" would make a capital opening piece because of its richly humorous qualities. The picture of Patty Hanslope, the handsome woman with the irrepressible and irresponsible ripple of chatter and the silly laugh is very acutely observed—and bears the hall-mark of reality. I shall be surprised if some astute manager does not avail himself of it pretty soon.

"Grace Mary," a one-act tragedy in the Cornish dialect, calls out for performance. The reader would like to experience in representation that thrill at the end where Nick is about to follow the disembodied spirit of his love over the cliff edge. The only criticism one might pass is that the supernatural element is sprung too suddenly upon the spectator to enable him to readjust his impressions. But it is worthy of performance by one of our Repertory Companies.

The printing of the three plays was worth while, but the burlesque was unnecessary. May one remind Mr. Henry Arthur Jones, too, that we shall never arrive at National Drama by any self-conscious measures on the part of the dramatic author. When it comes, I am sure it will be an inspiration.

ROBB LAWSON.

* "The Theatre of Ideas." By Henry Arthur Jones. 3s. 6d. net. (Chapman & Hall.)

Photo by E. O. Hoppé. **Mr. Henry Arthur Jones.**

"ART AND CRAFT."*

Although no "preliminary announcement" has been made concerning the method and scope of this series, although the volumes appear without a "general editor," there certainly exists somewhere in the background of their manufacture a most decided "conspiracy of uniformity."

Each author has elected to gossip inconsequently about his subject, to dogmatise with an air of subtlety, and, scorning the beaten track, to wander over the fields of literature after a merry fashion of his own. Every one girds at his own generation, though not without hopes of a millennium; all declare that their own pet topic has been ruined, or neglected, by the academicians. We learn, for example, that we have few "real" essays, little "true" criticism, and not many "genuine" parodies. When, as Mr. Wells foreshadows in "Utopia," "men again find leisure to fight for a woman's beauty, the essay may be" reborn. The English have "never been brought to see the point of the critic; and for what they do not see the point of, the English will not pay." The vogue of the revue indicates that parody may soon "play a more important part in the history of literature. There may be a time when the leather strop, upon which young men have sharpened their wits hitherto, shall become a veritable scourge wherewith to rouse the world."

We are aware, of course, that much modern literature is created by half-hearted imitations of Shaw and Chesterton

* "The Essay." By Orlo Williams.—"Parody." By Christopher Stone.—"Criticism." By P. P. Howe.—"The Ballad." By Frank Sidgwick.—"The Art and Craft of Letters." 1s. net each. (Secker.)

playing with the English dictionary—bulls not in the china-shop, but the word-factory. To-day we all of us have courage enough to beard the lexicographer in his den.

Nevertheless, I think, the connection between these amiable volumes and "Art" or "Craft" remains obscure. The authors have taught us, indeed, to seek for treasure where we should least expect to find it—offering us "the essay in a play, criticism on the golf-links, and an argument in Mrs. Jarley's waxworks." But they can neither deny, ignore, nor explain away the root-significance of craftsmanship—which is the method of making; or of art—which is the form of the thing made. We are reasonable, after all, in having expected an "Art and Craft" series to deal with technical matters; the architecture of letters, its divisions by variety in expression, the materials of its construction, its history and regulations.

Here, indeed, we learn that "parody is the quizzical art, the art of the man with the eyeglass"; that "the critic is the middleman in the industry of the arts"; that an essay "should set out to prove nothing"; that a "ballad is not literature"; statements which tickle the fancy, but do not carry us very far. In fact, according to the definition quoted, our authors have certainly set themselves with a will to the writing of "essays"—that "airy mould of thought" which "admits of" everything "compatible with its essential smallness of scale." Finally, as Mr. Howe remarks of *his* contribution to the series—"if anybody expected this little book to be a history of —— from the earliest times to the present, I hereby refer him to Prof. ——'s great work on that subject."

However, if our authors do not give us either strict analysis, consecutive history, or ordered criticism, they all have an infectious enthusiasm for literature, and a pleasant familiarity with the by-ways. They quote with discretion, set up one writer against another with the air of a friend, and ignore the text-books.

Mr. Sidgwick we have purposely left for a concluding paragraph; because his little volume is a serious and welcome contribution to a fascinating subject, only recently considered in the spirit of science. Opening the matter with a discussion of the question, "What is a word?" he shows us that if, as Wordsworth declared, "the poetry of art is 'emotion recollected in tranquillity,' then poetry of the folk is emotion crystallised in a crowd." That is, he conjectures "communal" authorship for the old Ballads, and gives us a most instructive impression of "crowds" in the act of composition. Again, the poetry of the folk is democratic; of which we judge the excellence not from the beauty of one line, but by "at least a verse of four lines." Finally, "in literature the thing is not so much what a man says as the way in which he says it; in ballads the criterion is reversed"; and "the ballad-language is common popular stock; the folk will have nothing to do with the phraseology of the artists."

Every word of these sixty-two pages merits careful study.

R. BRIMLEY JOHNSON.

THE GERMANS IN AFRICA.*

This is a most welcome book, welcome because it is remarkably apropos in the present moment of history, but no less welcome because it is a wholesome, balanced, clear, and accurate account of how Germany acquired her extensive and important colonial possessions in Africa. Mr. Lewin is the librarian of the Royal Colonial Institute, and is known as a keen student of Imperial affairs, and his work is one of very great value. If it has a fault, it is the defect of its quality; its sober, controlled, scrupulous statement has all the weight and authority of an official history, but it lacks the glow and romance of the ambitions, the intrigues, the energy, that won Germany her very considerable footing in Africa.

Germany has long nourished hopes and determinations to achieve colonial greatness. But she found England already firmly established in Africa, and little disposed to welcome the intrusion of a new rival. Her desire to find room for herself was perfectly legitimate, but her methods on the other hand, were deplorable, though exceedingly clever.

Earl Grey, who contributes an introduction to the volume, points out that Great Britain has acquired colonies either in order to protect ill-treated natives, and to substitute peace, law, order and prosperity for tyranny, bloodshed, famine and war, or for legitimate purposes of trade; while Germany has in her colonising been actuated by military considerations. The regular procedure was for German traders and adventurers to obtain concessions from native chiefs, to establish trading settlements, and once that was done, to claim Imperial protection. "The flag follows trade" was Bismarck's dictum, and though originally averse from the idea of Germany as a colonial power, at any rate for a generation to come, he declared in 1884 that he would place under imperial protection trading settlements established as already related. But Germany's real aim was to thwart and hamper the slowly developing British ideas of expansion. Everywhere they tried to take in territory that would prevent the enlarging of British boundaries. She wanted to connect her colonies in West Africa and East Africa by obtaining the forests in the basin of the Upper Congo and the Karanga regions from the Congo Free State, and by acquiring territory from Portugal, and so make the Cape to Cairo route impossible. South-West Africa she regarded less as a colony than as a jumping-off ground for attacking British South Africa, and so, after the savage suppression of the Herreros she still kept an utterly disproportionate garrison in the colony, waiting a chance.

What Germany did in South-West Africa may be guessed when we realise that a native population of 300,000 in 1898 was barely 100,000 in 1912. The Germans did not understand the natives; the natives revolted, and were subjected to a war of extermination, which cost £30,000,000 and depleted the colony of labour, besides making the name of German stink among the native people. Mr. Lewin has a very interesting chapter on the future destiny of the million square miles of German African colonies, which is perhaps a little premature! But the book is a super-excellent one.

* "The Germans in Africa." By Evans Lewin. 10s. 6d. net. (Cassell.)

FICTION IN WAR TIME.*

What function should fiction serve while the Allies are fighting to preserve the soul of civilisation? All sorts of questions explode in a shrapnel shower of conjectures as I confront this batch of new novels. Apparently, they were all written in that far distant world, submerged beneath the tides of war—a lost continent of experience. Now, surely, amid the birth pangs of a new era, we look to novelists, either for cheering and distraction, or to inspiration to brave doing and endurance, or for encouragement to lay firmer hold of the faith that is in us.

Those people who think they cannot read novels—but have a perfect right to mope, and despair of the Army Council—should immediately borrow, or preferably buy "The Blue Horizon," by Mr. H. De Vere Stacpoole, a delightful counter-agent, on the whole, to the obsession of the newspapers. Many of its pages open a casement on to a veritable magic sea, Florida way; they introduce you to pleasant people who fish for humorous monsters of the deep, make love in an infectious way, and almost come up to the high-water mark of open-air romance set in "Treasure Island." All the long short stories and several of the shorter ones concern summer life on the Florida

* "The Blue Horizon." By H. De Vere Stacpoole. 6s. (Hutchinson.)—"Two Sinners." By Mrs. David G. Ritchie. 6s. (Smith, Elder.)—"Stilts." By Adam Squire. 6s. (Duckworth.)—"The Girl from Nippon." By Carlton Dawe. 6s. (Ward, Lock.)—"Allward." By E. S. Stevens. 6s. (Mills & Boon.)—"Miss O'Corra, M.F.H." By Miriam Alexander. 6s. (Melrose.)—"Annora." By the Author of "My Trivial Life and Misfortune." 6s. (Blackwood.)

coast, where rich Americans counteract the "grouche" by fishing for tarpon and sea bat, while young men fall into love—and keep there. As for the girl nick-named "Benn Gunn" in "Skeleton Island," she is what any of her Transatlantic admirers might call a "peach." Indeed, "The Blue Horizon" is just the right tonic for war worried folk.

Mrs. David G. Ritchie's sincerity is good to encounter at any time. Her work rings true as ever, even now when the soldiers of the King are fighting to save truth and honour from being crucified on the cross of Germanic diabolism. How Maud Monckton found her real self is described in "Two Sinners," a novel of distinction, in conception, thought and treatment, which brings home afresh the dramatic interest of the antimony between spirit and matter. Her sister Ursula is a beautiful study in self-sacrifice, and her half-sister Stella, a cleverly realised type of modern girl. Wealthy Major Kames, with whom Maud's life is bound up, is a Philistine when she meets him first, and some readers may find the change in his nature a little hard to accept, because the way of it is not sufficiently explained. Her aunt, Lady Dorothy, and "Kiddie" the inevitable dog, tell for gaiety.

Pleasant, too, is "Stilts," by Mr. Adam Squire—a refreshing novel with several of the scenes set in Italy. Although the author is not credited on the title page with any other novels, the workmanship suggests considerable experience, for the theme is charmingly handled. This love story of Tommy Inglis and Constance Tancred—complicated by an ethical question relating to the possession of a pearl necklace—is an aid to self forgetfulness, and the portrait of a retired American diplomatist is a likeable memory.

People who still look to novelists to provide them with excitement, will find plenty of it in "The Girl from Nippon," by Mr. Carlton Dawe. The central character, Dr. Mohri, and his poison gas, versus Kenneth Everard, a young English barrister (East arrayed against West), and a beautiful heroine, niece of the Japanese scientist, form the ingredients of this deftly told piece of sensationalism.

When you have read "Allward," by Miss E. S. Stevens, you will look with awakened interest at the next gipsy you happen to meet. Readers who love their Borrow will delight in this novel, dealing as it does with the sadly diminished Romany world in our midst. They will follow with unabating interest the immersion of "Allward," the great inventor, amongst the works and ways of the children of nature, with whom he is so akin. Mary, the fascinating gipsy girl and her folk are so much alive that you almost hear them breathe, and the coming of love to the true-hearted daughter of the English wild is a beautiful idyll. The sophisticated folk, particularly Miss Price, live in their own fashion quite as vitally, while lovers of nature will find much of description and observation to delight them.

One might almost use the cliché "merry and bright" in describing "Miss O'Corra, M.F.H.," by Miss Miriam Alexander, a good example of the sporting novel. Noreen O'Corra's horsey adventures in Ireland, made possible by a fine inheritance, will afford an evening's amusement, especially to the instructed in equine matters, particularly hunting. An aunt, a girl friend, two suitors for the M.F.H.'s hand, the "quality" and some Irish peasants assist in sustaining a breezy note throughout the book. The descriptions of the meets are exhilarating, and if the farcical note is a little overdone sometimes in the treatment of the characters, this is an artistic fault which just now will be welcome.

The author of "Annora" has an engaging way with her, for surely only a woman could have written this engrossing story of nineteenth-century life. The plot leads off with a hint of the skeleton to be found in the cupboard of the Jervoise family, and from this the subsequent developments mainly arise. The writer is an acute observer, the characterisation is unfailingly good, and Mrs. Wilfrid Jervoise lingers in the memory as a distinct achievement, and really commands more interest than the character

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from whom the novel takes its title. Certainly "Annora" is a book to read and re-read, and one welcomes the hint of marked individuality printed in a foreword, which explains why "I have allowed the old lord to swear in my book," and why the expletives are not hidden under "swear dashes."

WILKINSON SHERREN.

BEAUTY AND WISDOM.*

There is one curious contradiction in our national attitude towards the nobility—and it may be a simple kind of poetry and love of the picturesque which is at the root of "loving a lord"—and that is that a titled author's books have no more chance of selling than anyone's else; in fact, if anything, they have less chance. Readers generally seem to regard a title of nobility on a title-page with suspicion. They think a lord very delightful in his place, but they distrust him as a man of letters.

I think Lord Dunsany's reputation as an author has suffered because of his title. It may even have affected men of letters adversely. They regard with suspicion the entrance of the gilded into their trade. One comes to the title with a prejudice; but, having read Lord Dunsany, one is compelled to admit that here is a man of letters and a poet born; that the art he works at is the art to which he is born; and that, if he were silent, something very beautiful and worth while would be lost to the world.

Now I concede that in his most fantastical fantasies Lord Dunsany is not every man's meat. Indeed, he is far from it. Take "The Gods of Pegana," for instance. One can imagine the youth of Stevenson's story being shut up on a wet Sunday in a country inn with "The Gods of Pegana" for sole mental provender. "Golly! What a book!" he would have said.

But the delightful thing about these "Fifty-One Tales" is that a simple person, not being a wilful Philistine, can understand at least the meaning of some; while to anyone who appreciates the marvels of language, the beautiful and sonorous diction must be a lasting delight. These "Tales" are each a very little vessel—some are quite tiny. In fact, it is a whimsicality of Lord Dunsany's to call them "Tales" at all. But each is a vessel of pure gold and *nearly* always filled with fine vintages. I say "nearly," because sometimes a bit of trenchant satire hardly deserves the stronger praise, although there is nothing in the book which is not good. The "Tales," in fact, are little poems. In every poem is a real thought; and the whole is perfectly and cunningly set forth. Lord Dunsany handles his words as a master his music. If I were talking for ever of this beautiful book I should not persuade as much as one quotation from the book itself will do. And here is a tiny masterpiece which Lord Dunsany himself could hardly better.

WIND AND FOG.

"Way for us," said the North Wind as he came down the sea on an errand of old Winter. And he saw before him the grey, silent fog that lay along the tides.

"Way for us!" said the North Wind. "O ineffectual fog, for I am Winter's leader in his age-old war with the ships. I overwhelm them suddenly in my strength or drive upon them the huge sea-faring bergs. I cross an ocean while you move a mile. There is mourning in inland places when I have met the ships. I drive them upon the rocks and feed the sea. Wherever I appear they bow to our lord the Winter."

And to his arrogant boasting nothing said the fog. Only he rose up slowly and trailed away from the sea, and crawling up the long valleys took refuge among the hills; and night came down and everything was still, and the fog began to mumble in the stillness. And I heard him telling infamously to himself the tale of his horrible spoils: "A hundred and fifteen galleons of Old Spain, a certain argosy that went from Tyre, eight fishing fleets and ninety ships of the line, twelve war-ships under sail with their carronades, three hundred and eighty-seven river-craft, forty-two merchantmen that carried spice, four quinquaremes, ten triremes, thirty yachts, twenty-one battleships of the modern time, nine thousand admirals. . . ." He mumbled and chuckled on, till I suddenly rose and fled from his fearful contamination.

Lord Dunsany has a double gift, for we see as well as hear the things he tells us, and as we listen we have a vision of an old blind poet chanting—Homer perhaps, for there is much of the Greek spirit in Lord Dunsany's work, and in the marshalling of his splendid words. Nor is he without the completion of humour, lacking which the greatest gift must be lop-sided. One has only to read "The Hen" to be sure of that.

The discriminating who know what it is to be swayed by the magic of words will see to it that they possess "Fifty-One Tales," and return to it again and again.

KATHARINE TYNAN.

* "Fifty-One Tales." By Lord Dunsany. 5s. net. (Elkin Mathews.)

Novel Notes.

POLLYANNA GROWS UP. By Eleanor H. Porter. 6s. (Pitman.)

Pollyanna has already won for herself such a wide circle of friends among the reading public, that this further book about her is sure of its place in a great many hearts. There are few people who have not heard of Pollyanna by this time, and those few should certainly make her acquaintance at once, for in these days of stress and anxiety no better antidote to depression could be found. Pollyanna is a little girl who is possessed of a wonderfully infectious optimism; she deliberately sets out to find something in everything to be glad about, and is indeed a "tonic" to all who come in contact with her. Pollyanna as a child was one of the most delightful persons we had ever met, but if she could possibly be more charming, more fascinating, and more wholly lovable, she becomes so when she grows up. Pollyannaites may rest assured that they will not be disappointed in this second Glad Book; it is the happiest and cheeriest of companions, and leaves us more in love than ever with its lovable little heroine, and hopeful that this is by no means the last we shall see of her.

MISS BILLY'S DECISION. By Eleanor H. Porter. 6s. (Stanley Paul.)

If you have already met Miss Billy you will need no mere reviewer to advise you to get a copy of "Miss Billy's Decision"—a sequel to the first delightful Billy book—you will be certain to get a copy. If you have not yet met Miss Billy you would do well to take the earliest opportunity of doing so. Miss Billy is very refreshing, very lovable and entertaining, and in this latest story about her we meet again many old friends. For here are the three brothers Henshaw once more: William, still collecting teapots; Cyril, still absorbed in his music; and Bertram, still painting his "Face of a Girl," and here is Aunt Hannah with her countless shawls, and Kate Hartwell, still putting her finger into everyone's pie; and of course, here is Billy, still the same warm-hearted Billy, in love with Bertram and with her music. There is also a new-comer "Mary Jane," who turns out to be "six feet of muscular manhood" and who creates almost as much consternation as Billy herself did when she first arrived in the midst of the Henshaw household. Billy and the gay, irrepressible Bertram are now engaged, but owing to "Mary Jane," Kate Hartwell, and a "Face of a Girl" picture, complications arise which seem likely to terminate the engagement. What Miss Billy decides to do, and the consequences of her decision keep the reader interested and amused until the last chapter of the book. Miss Eleanor Porter writes with her usual charm and vivacity and maintains throughout the tale a sweet and fragrant atmosphere.

THE INVISIBLE EVENT. By J. D. Beresford. 6s. (Sidgwick & Jackson.)

We cannot recall another book—not even another by Mr. Beresford—which gives so fine an impression of honesty as this one. At no point can any paltering with the stuff of life be detected; and since all novelists must palter somehow and somewhere, a watchful reader would seem forced to the conclusion that Mr. Beresford has learnt to

its last letter the art of concealing art. Yet that conclusion is not the whole. Something more than art is here, and something more than sincerity. It is honesty—an attribute of the spirit rather than of the mind and will, for everyone can be intermittently sincere, but no one can be off and on with honesty. The story is of Jacob Stahl (whom already we know and love) and Betty Eele, a clergyman's daughter, who comes, against her conscience but in obedience to her loving instinct, to make her home with Jacob while his wife is still alive, and undivorced from him. Her conflict, first with herself, then with Jacob, is moving and absorbing; a certain duality in the manner keeps so constantly in tune with the duality of the central figures that the final effect is of extraordinary unity. We learn to know the lovers by the same means that they learnt to know each other, and Mr. Beresford has registered the subtle process with an authenticity which perhaps only his peculiar gift for letting life alone could have achieved. And, interesting and precious as this is, there is much besides—the book has a delightful humour and variety.

THE GOOD SOLDIER. By Ford Madox Hueffer. 6s. (John Lane.)

We should like to be able to regard this book as a satire, because it is so difficult to think that the author could otherwise have considered his characters worth describing. But the gusto and literary skill which he has brought to the task both seem to make that hypothesis untenable. We are somehow driven to conclude that the author, like his Mrs. Ashburnham, "saw life as a perpetual sex-battle between husbands who desire to be unfaithful to their wives, and wives who desire to recapture their husbands in the end. That was her sad and modest view of matrimony." One other short quotation from the volume will throw more light upon it than any words of ours, and it is a quotation we heartily endorse. "There was a great deal of imbecility about the closing scenes of the Ashburnham tragedy. Neither of those two women knew what they wanted. It was only Edward who took a perfectly clear line, and he was drunk most of the time." When we remark that this Edward who took this clear line and all this drink is the "good soldier" of the title, ex-captain of the 14th Hussars, it will generally be agreed that Mr. Hueffer has not been very fortunate in the moment of his book's appearance. The story, indeed, has little bearing on the joys and sorrows of normal human life, but we can well imagine that the work will prove of some value to the specialist in pathology.

THE STORY OF A WOMAN'S HEART. Anonymous. 6s. (Hodder & Stoughton.)

This, as the title would suggest, is a love-story; and, like many love-stories, it is also a story of hate, and misunderstandings, and revenge. Told in autobiographical form by the heroine, Elaine Cassilis, it opens on the day of her marriage to Robert Cassilis, and leads us through her "fool's paradise" and many another adventure to the day when she writes: "I had tasted everything in life from poverty to the greatest wealth, and I knew now that the happiest condition of all was the one I was seeking again . . ." (which was Love in a Cottage). "Every hour of suffering that I had endured, that Robert had endured, had been caused and been brought about by me—by my infinite vanity and pride. What did it profit me if all the world admired me, and I lost the one and only thing worth having? But I was reawakened now to the greatness of Love. . . ." The story is full of exciting and thrilling incidents, and is told in a realistic, intimate style that is admirably suited to its theme.

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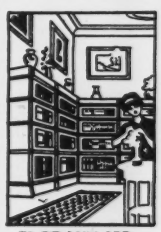

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all her life, and who regards her merely as his little playmate, while she is worshipping him with all the passion of her heart. Socially, he is far above her, and when he becomes infatuated with and engaged to a girl of wealth and position, it seems to poor Jill as if life has ended; but it is neither the end of life, nor love, nor sorrow for her—nor happiness either. Miss Mary L. Pendered tells the refreshing, wholesome story of love, with all its thousand pains and joys, in such a tender, sympathetic style, and her characters live and feel with so sharp an intensity, that although the novel has a simple theme, it grips throughout, and the memory of Jill's romance and of her charming personality will linger in the reader's heart long after the story is finished and the book closed.

A MAN WITH NINE LIVES. By Richard Marsh. 6s. (Ward Lock.)

To describe a man as being one with nine lives might seem to be a somewhat wordy way of dubbing him a cat; but anything less cat-like than the six-foot form of humanity known to his fellows as Martin Adair, it would be difficult to imagine, and therefore we cannot help regretting that Mr. Richard Marsh did not endow his hero with two or three more lives. Had he done so, we may feel confident that the readers' entertainment would have been proportionately increased, for the mysteriously made master of money is, as it were, destined to adventurous episodes and narrow escapes, destined to such, but bearing ever that secret of long-living which—be we never so thrilled at his danger—assures us that he will win through. To find crowded into a single story such a wealth of wonderful happenings, such an ingenious series of plots and counter-plots, devices, and mysterious inter-relations as those concerning a certain noble family, is to be lost in admiration of the way in which a master of his craft can hold us for a reading while to believe in the most extraordinary impossibilities. How the money-lender was murdered, why he left his vast wealth (and all those stolen jewels, too!) to the scantily clad giant who acted as his clerk, why Miss Dennis was seen fleeing from the scene of the murder within a few minutes of the crime, what was the mystery of the Putney "Dovecote"—these are among the questions that arise and are answered in the author's good time in this particularly lively example of the sensationalists' art.

The Bookman's Table.

QUAKER WOMEN. By Mabel Richmond Brailsford. 7s. 6d. net. (Duckworth.)

Miss Brailsford's account of the ideals and work of the earliest Quaker women—from 1650 to 1690—is likely to become a standard work in the history of Nonconformity. In its preparation the author received whole-hearted assistance from the Friends, who gave her free access to the unpublished manuscript records as well as to the contemporary printed books and pamphlets preserved in the Friends' Library at Devonshire House, Bishopsgate. The book has a definite historical value, the greater, perhaps, because it is the work of a non-Quaker, and is free from any suspicion of over-zealous partisanship. It has also an unusually strong human interest, due in large measure to the liberal quotations from the written words of these pioneer women missionaries who recorded with quite singular simplicity of diction events of real importance and personal experiences of poignant intensity. It is provocative of thought in very many directions, and should be "ordered to be read" by everyone who is interested in the modern phase of the "Women's Movement." Further, to the layman it may be recommended as a really surprising book of adventure. The stories it contains are too numerous to be told in much more than outline, but enough detail is given to stimulate a curiosity for fuller information that can hardly fail to dispel the cloud of general ignorance in which the history of the Quakers is lost to-day. A good many people are familiar with Woolmer's Journal, and many more have heard of Governor Endicott and his brutal mishandling of the Quakers who ventured within his jurisdiction. But Barbara Blaugdone is a militant propagandist who has been too much forgotten; Mary Fisher's positively amazing career is romance at its fullest, yet hardly known outside the Society of Friends: and the story of Jane Stuart, a recognised daughter of James II., who forsook a court to earn her own living as a reaper and a flax-spinner in a Wisbech cellar, is surely unique in the annals of royal houses. "Quaker Women" is a full, a rich, and a varied book that has a very wide appeal, and deserves a large measure of success.

AN ILLUSTRATED HISTORY OF MUSIC. By Thomas Tapper and Percy Goetschius. 7s. 6d. net. (John Murray.)

Nothing is known of the practice of music before the dawn of civilisation; we have no coherent record of its history that goes more than a few hundred years back. "Up to the beginning of the Christian era," say the writers of this fascinating volume, "there exists no positive evidence of any, even the most primitive, systems of tune combination." But music of some sort has been known and practised from time immemorial, and no ampler or more interesting account of it has been written than this that Messrs. Tapper and Goetschius have given us. All that is ascertainable concerning the music that obtained among primitive peoples they have related here—their object was to present the essential facts in the history of music, and this they have done with great thoroughness. There is an excellent bibliography that should be of service to those who are forming private or school libraries, and model examination papers that will be very helpful to teachers and students. It is a book that all lovers of music will read with delight, quite apart from its scholastic uses, and the numerous illustrations add no little to its interest and attractiveness.

RECOLLECTIONS: The Reminiscences of the Busy Life of One Who has Played the Varied Parts of Sailor, Author, Lecturer. By Frank T. Bullen. With Portrait. 10s. 6d. (Seeley, Service & Co.).

In these "Recollections" the late Mr. Frank T. Bullen confined himself almost entirely to his experiences as a lecturer at home, in the Colonies and in America. In Chapters I. and II., however, he did somewhat recapitulate those early years as a street arab in Paddington; his first going to sea; some suggestions of his life there; his leaving it to become a clerk in the Meteorological Office, and his breaking away from that for authorship, lecturing and journalism of a sort. This last move occurred on the publication of his "Cruise of the *Cachalot*," which at once obtained the success it deserved, seeing that it is one of the finest narratives of South Sea whaling in any language. From whaling to lecturing was a far cry. And whether Bullen was successful as a whaler we know not; but we do know that he was a success as a lecturer, particularly with his "Romance and Reality of the Sea." His preparation for this was open-air preaching, chiefly on Peckham Rye, a sort of everyman's rostrum in south-east London. But, then, Bullen had what the old folks used to term "natural unction"; besides which he possessed "the gift of the gab." So there was no surprise in his success on the platform. And here he has left us the readable amount of how he journeyed hither and thither; blundered in railway connections; met with embarrassing hospitality, and sometimes none at all; was made acquainted with the littlenesses of chairman, and all the *et cetera* of lecturing.

THE PRINCESS MATHILDE BONAPARTE. By Philip W. Sergeant. Illustrated. 16s. net. (Stanley Paul.)

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known Chateaubriand, who only left upon her mind a very moderate impression, she was able to speak of him to three generations of his successors; to Théophile Gautier, for example, to Gustave Flaubert, and, finally, to Guy de Maupassant and Paul Bourget." But in addition to the prominent part she played as a great lady of her time, she has left behind her, in the opinions of her friends, who included all who were most famous in art and letters, the record of an unusually gracious and brilliant personality. The events of her life, and particularly the written opinions left by her intimates, are all available to those who care to search for them, and it is no fault of Mr. Sergeant's that he has nothing new to tell. It is, however, greatly to his credit that he has been able to present a coherent picture of a long and crowded period within the limits of this one shapely volume, and that "The Good Princess" emerges from his pages in the full glow of her charming nature. Mr. Sergeant has a sympathetic eye for his period, and has made a fascinating gallery of portraits.

Notes on New Books.

MESSRS. CONSTABLE.

The author of "Queed" has given us in **Angela's Business** (6s.) another novel of equal stirring and virile qualities, and one that is likely to prove as famous and as popular. Dealing largely with the "modern movement" in America, it takes as its hero a brilliant young author who has adopted Woman as his special study, and is a strong believer in her freedom and advancement—with conservative relapses. All who are interested in the question of Woman's Unrest—and who in these times can fail to be interested in such a wide and vital question?—will find in this book plenty of food for thought and argument; and those who are in search of merely a good realistic, up-to-date novel, dealing with human characters and natural happenings, cannot fail to thoroughly enjoy "Angela's Business" from start to finish. Mr. Henry Sydnor Harrison possesses a strong, dramatic style, and this with his kindly wit, genuine humour and ready sympathy has already won for him a large circle of enthusiastic readers.

MR. T. FISHER UNWIN.

In **Windylow**, by Kineton Parkes (6s.), Nancy Shemilt, a lawyer's daughter in a country town, is pestered by a lascivious brute of a young squire, but, on coming up to the Royal College of Art for painting lessons (before the four years' course was devised), she quickly learns a little sense and independence, and accepts an honest lover. Meanwhile the Squire, being madly jealous, burns this gentleman's ricks, maims his horses, marries for money, and, in the end, wounds him with a gunshot, but commits suicide. The story is written in good plain English, but its plainness otherwise is less of a merit. It lacks all half shades. The villain is black, the hero white. And this is to say, of course, that it lacks the salt of humour.

MR. ANDREW MELROSE.

Payment, by R. Allatini (6s.) is a poignant study of heredity. A gallant boy to look upon, and with all the equipment for worldly success apparently at his command, Ruan Scorrier came of bad stock, for his father was a morbid neuropath, and his mother an ex-star of a London ballet, whose Spanish fire and vivacity refused to yield to the restraints and conventions of matrimony in a remote corner of Cornwall. In the boy's, character the "kink" took the form of a morbid fear of pain, which, except by the understanding ones, was not to be differentiated easily from cowardice. With the outbreak af war came Ruan's test, and he proved himself not a coward only by his frank confession of his fear to enlist. But his temperament did not leave him this way of escape, for in imagination he suffered all the accumulative horrors of the Front, and naturally decided rather to face the reality. But even at the moment of his decision he became the victim of a street accident, and doomed to a life of pain. Beneath this destiny his spirit broke, and even love itself could not bring him through the darkest hour of his inherited curse. It is a moving and faithful story, admirably written, and with many excellent little pictures of London society and daily life.

MESSRS. PUTNAM'S SONS.

The Jester, by Leslie Moore (6s.) is a fresh and happy little story full of symbolism and allegory. It tells how Peregrine fell helplessly and conspicuously in love with the lady of the great court where he served as jester; how she made a plaything of him, lightly amusing herself with his affection till a grander, wealthier rival appeared upon the scene, when, through a cruel trick, he was banished from the court for ever and became an outcast. Of Peregrine's adventures as a wanderer, of the people who befriended him and he befriended, of his dream-woman for whom he searched unwearyingly, the author tells in a quaint, old-world style that is consistent with the period of the story. The whole book possesses a most refreshing charm; it is steeped in an atmosphere of simplicity, and the author writes with such sympathy and imagination that we follow the jester on his adventurous quest with the keenest pleasure and unabated interest.

MESSRS. DIGBY, LONG & CO.

Sea and Sword, by Eleanor Nepean (6s.) is a thrilling story of the sea and of life on a pirate ship, into which is woven a mystery and a romance. It is told in a vigorous style and teems with excitement and adventure. Its hero is a Spanish Don who is taken captive by the pirate crew and allowed his life through the clemency of the handsome, brutal young captain. Of his intense hatred for the captain, his violent love for the captain's sister, and of how those extreme passions lead to ultimate disaster and tragedy, Miss Eleanor Nepean makes an excellent yarn, cleverly worked out and absorbingly interesting. It is a fresh, enjoyable tale with plenty of action, and the author has caught the atmosphere of the period of which she writes with remarkable accuracy.

Mr. Montague Allen tells in **Richard Robins, Schoolmaster** (6s.) the history of a University man's experiences as tutor and schoolteacher; its strength lies in its perfect naturalness and its many touches of quiet humour. The characters are well drawn and show that the author has a keen insight into human nature, and can write without any straining after effect or any attempt to wander from the paths of actual life, a book of singular charm, and one that gives vivid pictures of school life in all its detail—the petty irritations, the glamour and the sordidness—a veritable peep behind the scenes.

MESSRS. WARD, LOCK & CO.

The Fires of Love, by Marie Connor Leighton (6s.) is sure of a welcome from this well-known author's many admirers. The plot is intricate, sensational, bristling with dramatic incidents, and shows how a handsome young minister is falsely accused of murdering a girl who is not dead. Mrs. Leighton deals with this strong, tragic situation in her usual ingenious way, giving full scope to her graphic powers of story-telling and her vivid imagination. The book is so packed with detail that it is impossible to condense any idea of the story into a few words; suffice that it is of thrilling interest, palpitating with excitement, and worthy of the author of the famous "Convict 99."

MESSRS. HODDER & STOUGHTON.

The east coast of England has, of late, acquired a fresh interest in the eyes of insurance companies, alien enemies, and novelists, so it is not surprising to find Mr. Morice Gerard opening **Night Wings** (6s.) in a health resort on "the coast of the North Sea," and introducing us to a massive brick shed which is said to contain something new in airships, and to belong to the Hon. Frank Charteris, R.E. When you learn that war with Germany is thought to be imminent, and that Charteris has fallen in love with a girl whose name is Sylvia van Annan, you are prepared for a story of sealed orders, of lights flashing from hotel windows, of hotel porters with German sympathies, of swift motors rushing through the night, and of a silent biplane which drops a note to a cloaked girlish figure on a lonely beach. The love interest is well sustained, and, as the cover hints, a surprise awaits the reader who makes up his mind too early on the tantalising question whether Miss van Annan should be interned or not.

MESSRS. MILLS & BOON.

Much mystery and many thrills are crowded into **The Fabulists** (6s.)—an ample collection of Mr. Bernard Capes' shorter stories and sketches, the bulk of which have already entertained the readers of the *New Witness*. In the present volume an attempt is made to give a connected interest to the varied assortment of little tales by representing them as forming the programme of an itinerant company of four young men who journey from village to village in the guise of wandering Fabulists, beguiling their wayside audiences with stories and verse. As one reads the book, however, the rather incongruous vision of these four solemn young men with their guitar, their camp-stools, and their "waterproof suits and soft hats of an impermeable character" soon fades away before the dramatic realities of the yarns they have to spin. Notwithstanding their brevity—three to four pages each—there is no lack of "body" in these tales, and their plots have the outstanding merits of artistry and originality. Many have their roots in hypnotic suggestion, thought-transference and the like, exploring and exploiting the unplumbed strata of subconsciousness. To this class belong "The Mask" and "The Queer Picture," and the story of the glass snowing-ball, all skilfully endowed with the creepy element. Others, such as "The Lady Hope," unwrap the folds of ingenious man-made mysteries; others, again, record a swift dramatic episode. Staleness and flatness are unknown in these pages. In short, "The Fabulists" may be appraised as a capital book for the short-story connoisseur.